THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. I. JUNE, 1809. No. 6.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.

WITHOUT discussing the question, whether particular countries are peculiarly favourable to the production of particular genius, we are safe in the assertion, that the United States, in proportion to their age and population, have furnished a large quota of successful adventurers in the Art of Painting. Many Americans have distinguished themselves in the European schools in different departments of this most difficult and elegant art. In portrait painting, STEUART is, perhaps, unrivalled; and our pretensions to the higher walks of historical painting are well supported by WEST and TRUMBULL. Others might be named, whose industry and genius reflect high honour on our country. This success is the more worthy of admiration as our country contains very few, indeed, of those models of Art and Taste with which Europe abounds, and which are so absolutely necessary to any degree of perfection in the profession, that no force of genius or application can dispense with them. Hence those, who have not the means of visiting the old world, languish in obscurity, or abandon the attempt in utter despair. Every transatlantic student may have access to works of established excellence; while in our country the few that exist are scattered in various private hands, and inaccessible to all but the immediate friends of their possessors.

With a view of establishing a general public depository of celebrated works in the Fine Arts, and affording the American genius an opportunity of attesting and improving his powers, a number of gentlemen

of the city of Philadelphia, in the year 1805, founded *The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.* Having obtained an act of Incorporation from the Legislature, a suitable lot of ground was purchased. A building was immediately erected, intended only as the commencement of the Academy, and appropriated to the exhibition of statues. This was first finished, because models of sculpture are easily obtained, whereas much time and very ample funds are necessary to obtain any considerable number of paintings of sufficient merit for such an institution. This part of the building being completed, an importation was made from Paris of casts of the most celebrated statues and busts, carefully selected under the direction of Mr. Armstrong, our minister at that court, but more particularly attended to by his secretary, Nicholas Biddle, Esq. of this city. This importation consisted of sixteen statues and groups, and about thirty-five busts. Since the opening of the Academy it has been greatly enriched by liberal donations of various kinds. It would be unjust not to distinguish some of the gentlemen who have contributed to its aid.

From Joseph Allen Smith, Esq. of Charleston, South Carolina, the Academy received several very fine casts, executed in Italy, which the writer of this article thinks are superior to those procured at Paris, both in work and materials. The *Dying Gladiator*, *Meleager*, *Venus of the Capitol, and of the Bath* are among the statues presented by Mr. Smith. In addition to these, the Academy has, from the same gentleman, a large number of elegant and expensive engravings, and an invaluable collection of medals, gems, and intaglios executed in the first manner, amounting to above fifteen hundred. They are an inexhaustible source of admiration and pleasure.

In the painting department the Academy is deeply indebted to Robert Fulton, Esq. and Mr. P. G. Lechleitner, who have severally deposited there a number of excellent specimens of this noble art, from various masters and schools. The two celebrated pictures of West, from scenes in King Lear and Hamlet, belong to Mr. Fulton's collection.

At this time the statues and paintings are both placed in the same apartment; but the directors think themselves warranted, from the encouragement already given to this institution, and that they confidently hope to receive, in commencing the building of a spacious room for the exclusive exhibition of pictures, which will be done without delay.

Besides furnishing a school for the cultivation of American genius, the institution must have a happy effect in improving and refining the public taste; in leading the mind to contemplate and understand the beauty and excellence of art, which will diffuse itself over every thing

that is an object of refinement and utility. It is not only a source of elegant, interesting, and innocent amusement, but of important public improvement. Our builders and other mechanics, and every class of men may find something here to please and instruct.

Description of the Building.

The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts is situate on the north side of Chesnut midway between Tenth and Eleventh-streets; the lot of ground is one hundred feet front by one hundred and seventy-eight feet deep; it recedes from the front line of the street seventy-five feet, has twenty-five feet vacant ground on each side, and forty-three feet back; it is set sufficiently high to admit of a terrace in front.

The present building which is fifty feet front by sixty feet deep, is so calculated as to be a whole when finished; and, at the same time, to admit of extensive future additions, viz. one room of one hundred feet by forty-three exterior at the back, and one on each side of fifty feet by twenty-five exterior: toward which additions the whole of the fire-places, funnels, doors, and stair-ways are already effected; and it is only necessary to break away four inches of brick-work where they will be found placed in a uniform and regular manner. The character of the exterior architecture is modern Ionic. The front elevation consists of a marble basement four feet high, with (as is intended) a large flight of steps, to a recessed porch eighteen feet front on the front line, and ten feet deep; the remainder of the elevation consists of a high principal story and an attic with cornice, parapet, frieze, and neck moulding. The recessed porch is to have a column on each side coupled (one diameter distant) with a pilaster against each side of the recess; a full order of entablature is to rest on the whole of these with trophies or plain tablets above; and the pavement is to be of marble slabs variegated, a centre for which has been presented by Mr. S. Gratz, of a quality equal to the Kilkenny, viz. of a fine jet black with an occasional sprinkling of pure white. The roof is nearly flat in every part, except where the dome appears, which is unique: it is a hemisphere of brick turned, two-thirds of which was sprung without a centre, and the remainder, owing to the lateness of the season, with very slight and little centring. The whole could have been effected in a superior style had not the building been begun too late in the season; and it is a better mode than with centring, because every course of bricks keys itself; and it is extremely simple, a single strip regulates the whole. Centring always costs more than the arching, hence it is economical, and can always be done in a circular arch, but not in a lineal one; on this arch immediately, and without any medium of wood, is laid a most complete piece of slate-work, each piece of which is secured immedi-

ately to the first brick dome, and having stood the test of two winters may be pronounced a sound job. In addition, in consequence of having no rafters, nor any other work except as before expressed, this roof costs less than a shingled one.

The interior consists of a principal room, two committee-rooms, three chambers, and complete cellars under the whole. The principal room is forty-six feet diameter and eighteen feet high to the springing of the ceiling, which is a dome having the sole light from its centre: the ceiling is plain except a radii of light in stucco around the opening and semi-circular architraves with reversed mouldings at the springing. The sides consist of eight tall pedestals alternating with an equal number of recesses which open to stair-ways or intended additional rooms; these recesses also consist of principal and attic pannels or openings; over these are arches whose saffits obtrude into the dome, the effect of which is novel; so that the dome appears (as it really does) to rest on those heightened pedestals, which have their full order of entablature occasionally relieved by guiloche enrichments. The whole of the building was completed from the commencement in eleven solid weeks (in all not seventeen weeks) and is a specimen of sound work.

TRAVELS——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE,

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

LETTER LXVI.

If instead of continuing along the Rue St. Victor, I had crossed at once into the Rue St. Jacques, we should in our way have passed close to the Sorbonne, where I have been two or three times; not that any thing remains to be seen, or that the place itself inspires much respect from its utility, or sanctity in former days, but from the desire of conversing with a sculptor, who has the use of two or three rooms there. I had bespoken of him a small cast of St. Vincent de Paul, and wished to be sometimes present when he worked upon a statue he had then in hand; it was Gretry the composer, whom he was shaping out of a block of beautiful Grecian marble. In an adjoining room was another artist, whom I was also glad to visit in his workshop, though the

legs and arms scattered about the entry, gave it the appearance of a giant's den. I found him upon one occasion occupied in taking a bust from the life, while the little old gentleman whose resemblance he was at work upon, sat so still and with so composed a countenance, that one of our company, who is short-sighted, mistook him for a statue, and was extremely alarmed at seeing it move. This little old gentleman was no other than Tronchet, whose name will be most honourably transmitted to posterity, as one of the few who remained faithfully attached to Louis XVI in his utmost need, exerting himself at the bar of the convention to preserve the life of the unhappy monarch, and to save the nation from the disgrace and danger of an action so cruel and so impolitic. How this good and generous man survived the consequences of his exertions I know not, but he is now a senator, the emperor knowing, as Cromwell did, how to avail himself of the countenance and talents of those, whom he cannot suppose attached to his person, but who, he is certain, have too much honour to betray the government, or to be engaged in conspiracies against him. You will see an account of the Sorbonne in the Encyclopedia: it had been established for the protection of faith and of good morals, but must have already degenerated to a great degree from the pious intentions of the founder, when the doctors of the establishment could sooth the scruples of Louis XIV, and tell him, as from holy writ, that the property of his subjects was his, and at his disposal. When I first saw this anecdote in the Memoirs of St. Simon, it reminded me of La Fontaine's fable of the animals sick of the plague. It was agreed, that they should all confess the crimes they had committed; and the lion began. He confessed, with sorrow, that he had not spared the neighbouring flocks, and that he had sometimes made so free as even to eat a shepherd; he was willing, therefore, if the rest thought proper, to devote himself for the general good, and to suffer death. But the fox soon consoled him. These shepherds, sir, said he, belong to a race that has the insolence to think itself our superiors; and as to the sheep, it was doing them a great deal of honour, sir, to devour them. Hume relates a very good story of this sort in the reign of James I, who had consulted two of the bishops at court about taking the money of the people. The good-natured monarch, though awkward and pedantic, was no enemy to wit.

The cathedral of Notre Dame is too much crowded with houses to be seen to advantage; it possesses, however, that solemn and stately air which distinguishes the best specimens of Gothic architecture: it is shaped as a cross, is 780 feet long and 144 broad, and of sufficient height, but it did not answer the expectations I had formed of the metropolitan church of a great empire. This sentiment was probably occasioned by the impression which the dome of the Pantheon had left

upon my mind, and by the nakedness of the walls, which I had once seen covered with paintings and tapestry, and adorned with several handsome and venerable monuments. These were destroyed in great measure by the rage of republicanism in '93, together with all the sculptural and architectural ornaments on the outside of the church; where many headless kings and mutilated saints still remain, sad witnesses of the phrenzy of those times. It was here that Bonaparte was anointed emperor by the Pope, with not quite so many demonstrations of joy from the spectators within, or the mob without, as the paper of the day pretends, but with perfect complacency and submission; they gazed upon the ceremony and upon the procession, as they would have done upon any other splendid show, while those at a distance conversed about it, as they might have done about the coronation of a king of Persia. I saw his imperial robe, stiff with gold and with embroidery; it is so large that it must have set upon him like the cloak of Hercules upon the shoulders of a dwarf. The priest who had the care of these, showed us at the same time, many of the sacred utensils which were used at the coronation, together with others for the celebration of mass, which had been presented by the emperor, whose virtues he descanted upon as fluently, as he would have done some time ago upon those of Louis XVI. The churches in France are again frequented, but not as formerly; and many years must pass away, before the assistance of the government or the contributions of individuals can restore them to their ancient splendour. I was present at Notre Dame, on the day of thanksgiving for the victory of Austerlitz; and upon this occasion the solemnities of religion were aided by the charms of music and the pomp of military parade. The different public bodies, the great magistrates of the empire, and the princes, attended in state, to express their gratitude to heaven for the glory of the empire, and the safety of the emperor. I very much doubt however, if more than a dozen individuals were sincere in their expressions of satisfaction; and perhaps not one attached any serious and solemn idea to the festival of the day. It is but twelve years since a great many of these very people assembled in this very church, to sing hymns in honour of the goddess of Reason, with a sort of sacred music, and all the mockery of devotion. Robespierre, who had none of those eminent advantages of mind or body, which enabled some distinguished personages of antiquity to enslave their country; who had neither a commanding figure nor persuasive eloquence, and was not even brave; had that which supplied the absence of every requisite in the accomplishment of his purposes. He had cunning to affect disinterestedness; he could talk of virtue, and avail himself of the violence and crimes of others, and yet take the merit, at a proper time, of repressing and punishing them. He would not venture to enter

the city as Pisistratus did Athens, with a fictitious deity at his side, but he permitted Hebert and Chaumette to introduce this goddess of Reason to the convention, and to install her upon the principal altar of Notre Dame. The former archbishop of Paris had already devested himself of his episcopal ornaments before the convention, asserting, that all religion was founded on imposture, and requesting forgiveness for having so long contributed to abuse the credulity of the people. When Chaumette, who had been formerly a schoolmaster, and Hebert, who had been a priest, approached at the head of a procession composed principally of the dregs of the capital, and presented to the representatives of the French nation the object, which, as they said, was alone worthy of adoration; let men no longer, cried Hebert, tremble at the imaginary thunders of a deity, whom their terrors have created. Let Reason be the only divinity in France; and behold, the goddess in person offers herself to our adoration! So saying, he removed a veil from the face of a beautiful woman, properly habited for the occasion. The multitude now shouted, the convention applauded, and the new religion was established. The next step was to celebrate the rites of the goddess; and that her triumph might be more complete, the scene chosen for the purpose was the cathedral of Notre Dame. The feast given to the people of Paris on that day, was the greatest outrage upon decency, that perhaps ever took place; it combined the operation of every vice, and was equal to all that the Roman poets have related or invented of the unhallowed rites of Isis or Osiris. The same scandalous scenes, with inferior means of celebration indeed, but with all possible profanation, took place at the same time in all the principal cities of the republic. Some young female, distinguished for her personal attractions, and frequently the weeping daughter of parents who had fallen victims to the revolution, saw herself surrounded by the vilest of her sex, and was compelled to perform the principal part upon these occasions; while a troop of peasants bore along with every mark of derision, and as sacrifices to be laid upon the altar of Reason, all that had ever been considered as sacred to the purposes of religion by the piety of their ancestors. It was at this same period of the revolution, and while the supposed efforts of France in the cause of liberty, commanded the sympathy and good wishes of so many of us in America, that these vile scenes were exhibited, and that those devastations were committed, of which the museum at the Petits Augustins has received the remains.

By far the greater part of the sepulchral and other monuments were mutilated or destroyed, and the great body of the people, as if infected by the madness of the government, which had ordered the

royal vaults at St. Denis to be opened, and all their ancient kings and princes, all the Valois, and the Bourbons, to be thrown promiscuously into one common pit, proceeded to violate all the burial places of the republic, where the remains of persons of rank and fortune had been deposited. The lady who represented the goddess of Reason, was a Mademoiselle Oliva of the opera, the same who had been employed some time before on account of her resemblance to the queen to personate that unfortunate princess in the affair of the diamond necklace. I am willing to believe, that she was in both cases the reluctant instrument of some unprincipled men, and that she had performed her part upon the stage of the opera with infinitely more satisfaction than in either of the two last instances. Like the princess, whose name had been so scandalously abused, she was made to finish her days at the guillotine: such also was the fate of Hebert and of Chaumette, and of the apostate archbishop. It must have been a striking lesson, to compare the guilty terrors that overwhelmed this wretch, with the smile of serenity with which Madame Rolland and the princess of Monaco went to execution.

Adjoining the cathedral is the archiepiscopal palace, where the cardinal de Retz once fortified himself against the court, during the regency of Anne of Austria, and whence he marched almost in battle array to the palace of justice, where the prince of Condé might as it was supposed, had he been unable to defend himself, have made some attempt upon his person. You will see a well-drawn character of this famous cardinal by Monsieur de la Rochefoucault, in one of Madame de Sevigné's letters; but I know of no book within your reach that can give you a proper idea of the war of the Fronde, which he was chiefly the occasion of: such a mixture of pleasantry and atrociousness, of songs and assassinations, of epigrams and battles, the world never before saw; and far better would it have been for mankind, if a similar spirit had prevailed during the late revolution. The memoirs of the cardinal de Retz are less read than they deserve to be; they paint the inclinations and principles of a very extraordinary man, who, without acrimony, hatred, or low-minded jealousy, could lavish his fortune, risk his person, and devote his time, in order to excite a civil war. It was to him a frolic, and an amusement that he was fond of. Conspirators were the only characters he admired in history. He was at the same time a distinguished preacher, and a dissolute man of pleasure, and never so happy as when he was preparing for an insurrection of the people, or haranguing them from the top of a carriage. His wish to be extraordinary carried him at last into retirement, when he might still have enjoyed for many years the reasonable pleasures of society: nor was even his resolution to pay his debts so scrupulously devoid of a

certain affectation of singularity. I cannot here deny myself the satisfaction of doing homage to the virtues of a good man, of whose death I have been informed since I began this letter, and whose epitaph might with the utmost propriety be taken from a Latin sentence* which the cardinal applied to his own case, on a particular occasion, before the parliament of Paris, as a quotation from Cicero, but of which he was himself the composer. He had been accused by the keeper of the seals, and not without reason, of throwing every thing into confusion, for the promotion of his own interested views: to have entered into the particulars of a public justification might have embarrassed him; he did better. I will not condescend, said he, to answer such calumnies; but I will say, for I may say truly, with the Roman orator (and here he applied the words in Latin) that in the worst of times I would not desert the state, in its prosperity I asked nothing for myself, and in its most adverse moments I never lost my hopes. These words, which have infinitely more grace in the original than in the translation I have been able to give of them, might, with the strictest regard to truth, be engraven upon the tomb-stone of general Gadsden, of South-Carolina; of whom it may also be said, that having been one of the first to raise the standard of revolt against the parent government, he was the first to advise an act of oblivion in favour of those who had differed from him in opinion, and would never give his consent to any act of confiscation.

The palace of Justice, which is towards the other extremity of the island, was formerly the residence of the kings of France, and it was here that Charles VI suffered those indignities, which were repeated at the expense of Louis XVI, in '92. It has been at different times enlarged and embellished, and now presents a noble facade on an ascent of several steps; in front is a court, which is enclosed by an iron railing, very handsomely finished and decorated, and said to be 130 feet in length. It was here that the parliament of Paris held their sittings, a body resembling the parliament of England only in name, being simply, notwithstanding their pretensions to be something more, a court of justice, divided into different chambers. You will see, if I remember right, a short but accurate account of their history and constitution, in the letters of lord Chesterfield. Without having any share by right in the legislative authority, the parliament acted as a court of record for the king's edicts; refusing to be governed by those they had not recorded, and frequently refusing to give them that sanction. In that case the king held what was called a bed of justice; he attended the parliament in person, and ordered the proper officer to

* In difficillimis reipublicæ temporibus urbem nunquam deserui, in prosperis nihil de publico delibavi, in desperatis nihil timui.

register his edict. There were ten of these parliaments throughout the kingdom, and they are accused, those of the distant provinces in particular, of having in many instances exercised a very unjustifiable authority, and of having indulged, I speak of the individual members, in a degree of aristocratic superiority which gave great offence. How far that may have been the case I know not, but they certainly provoked their fate by refusing their concurrence to the general land tax, which was proposed by Monsieur de Calonne, and by urging the king to assemble the states general, which led to the horrors of the revolution, and to those convulsions which have disfigured the face of Europe. Except in cases where the court exerted its influence, and even then also, justice was well administered by the parliaments, though the members purchased their places, and transmitted them like any other property to their heirs. It seems contrary to all ideas of propriety, that a man should purchase a right to judge, and that such an office should be hereditary; but purchase gave a degree of independence, not unfavourable to the administration of justice in an absolute monarchy; and those who could foresee their future situation in life with certainty, were not unlikely to qualify themselves for filling it with honour.

There were other parts of the kingdom, not within the jurisdiction of any parliament, which had a provincial, and in some respects a representative government of their own; and it was one of M. Necker's best ideas, to extend this mode of internal administration to all France. Had it been established at an early period, the great body of the representatives when assembled, would not have remained so entirely at the mercy of a few eloquent and designing men, who from habits of public speaking, and from some knowledge of business, soon rendered themselves masters of the general opinion. The greater part of the members of the various parliaments of the kingdom fell victims to the revolution, and among them Monsieur de Lamoignon, better known by his family name of Malesherbes. He had filled with distinguished reputation the highest judicial office, and had lived in retirement since the commencement of the revolution, until he was informed that it was intended to bring the king to trial; but though upwards of eighty years of age he would not, as he expresses himself in his letter to the president of the convention, he would not desert the king in the hour of distress, for he had shared in his prosperity. Posterity will to the end of time honour the memory of Malesherbes, and will see with horror how useless his generous offer was to the king, and how fatal to himself. The chamber of vacations, which was in the nature of a committee of the parliament during its recess, having some time before signed a protest against the measures of the national assembly, an act of amnesty had been passed for this and every offence of the sort, but the paper containing

the protest was known to be at the house of Monsieur de Malesherbes in the country, where he had returned after the death of the king, and lived remote from the world, with his children and grandchildren. It was pretended also, that an emigrant had been concealed by some of the family; and it was upon these pretexts that the venerable magistrate was dragged to execution, after the mockery of a trial, together with his sister, his daughter and her husband, and the husband of his granddaughter. One might have supposed that the sight of Malesherbes, so long the love and veneration of all ranks and orders, exposed upon the scaffold in the midst of his family, would have excited in the breast of every spectator, an emotion that no guards or bayonets could have resisted; but the people of France, of late so ferocious and ungovernable, seemed now in a state of torpid insensibility: they quietly submitted to see upwards of 90 persons a day conveyed to the guillotine, and would have submitted to see the daily number of victims increased to 150, which it was intended should be the case, if Robespierre had not been cut off. Fortunately for France, the monster who might with impunity have continued to destroy all that was venerable and respectable, all that was distinguished, or noble, or rich in the republic, began to throw out hints against certain committees, and manifest dissatisfaction with Tallien and others, so long the instruments of his cruelty. He was even supposed to have placed them upon his list, which was known to be the list of death. A party was now formed, strong enough for his destruction; and the very assembly which, a few weeks before, had ordered a day of thanksgiving throughout the republic to the supreme being, so lately acknowledged, for the safety of Robespierre, were at present as unanimous in declaring him a public enemy. Domitian was himself cut off, says Juvenal, as soon as he became dangerous to the outcasts of society.

I have often rejoiced that my excursion to France had not been made at an earlier period, at any period indeed between the death of the king and the power of the directory. There are circumstances now, that I could wish otherwise; but the laws appear to be fairly administered between man and man; a ferocious officer of the police but rarely breaks in upon the rest of a private family; humanity is not insulted by the daily exhibition of numbers carried to execution; there is some semblance of religion, and an individual, who resolutely avoids all interference with politics, except what the Moniteur puts him in possession of, pursues his object, be it pleasure, or business, or science, with as little fear of being molested as under the old government. The emperor too, for justice is due to all men, gains not a little upon being compared to the tyrants of '93 and '94, or to the profligate directory which preceded him. Had I arrived in France at any time during the period abovementioned, I should have found the provincial towns

groaning under the tyranny of a proconsul, who was sometimes an apostate priest, sometimes a dissolute runaway attorney's clerk, glorying in one continued insult to every idea of decency and morality; I should have seen the produce of the farmer under requisition, and met waggon loads of prisoners, of all ages and sexes, going under an escort to Paris, which, like the lion's den in the fable, admitted of no return; I should have seen the crosses overturned, the churches converted into stables, and whole districts labouring to appearance under the peculiar malediction of Providence. Nor would the general appearance of Paris have been such as to afford one any consolation. The parts of the city formerly occupied by the favourites of fortune and the court, were deserted, and the words *national property* in large characters over the door of many a hotel, explained the fate of the former proprietor, and the situation of his family. The law of the maximum, which fixed the price in assignats of every article in common use, rendered the approach of a customer frightful to a shopkeeper, who did not dare to decline selling, while the peasantry of the neighbourhood, who had been in the practice of supplying the markets, who continued to do so from fear alone, approached the halles with regret visible upon their countenances. Hardly a carriage was heard in the day, and if heard in the night, it was generally known to be employed in transferring prisoners to the Conciergerie. The noise and tumult of former times had been troublesome, but the tranquillity of the present times was frightful; it was the silence of death. The few individuals who walked the streets, avoided all intercourse with each other, as in the time of some infectious disorder, and hurried along in a certain squalidness of dress, in imitation of their rulers: this, which served the purposes of disguise to many, was supposed by others to be connected with the principles of liberty, and has been adopted in time by the unthinking part of the community in some distant countries, where liberty ought to have been better known; while all affected a certain coarseness of speech and rudeness of behaviour, which were alike hostile to the feelings of decency and the cause of humanity. In the midst of all this ferocity and these horrors, the means of dissipation were abundant. Between twenty and thirty theatres were opened every night, and, as the government defrayed the greater part of the expense, the prices of admission were so low, that many found it answer the purposes of economy to pass the evening at a playhouse. The pieces exhibited were such as became the character and conduct of those, under whom all trembled. No actor would have ventured to perform the part of a king, who was not an odious tyrant, or have pronounced a hemistich, which might seem to reflect upon the administration. A priest in his sacerdotal dress, contriving the plan of a general massacre, or the

death of Marat, were subjects for tragedy; and a young man getting disguised into a convent of nuns, was the groundwork of a favourite comedy. I have conversed with many who were in Paris at this period, and who felt for the degradation of a great nation; but there were others, who having procured assignats for specie, enjoyed the opportunity afforded them of being luxurious at so small an expense, and who felt happy in the possession of a magnificent hotel, the owner of which might have been pining in a dungeon, or wandering with his children in quest of bread. To such men France was even then a delightful country; they rioted in all which had ever excited their sensuality, and returned satiated at last, and as if loaded with the spoils of a conquered country, to astonish their simple neighbours with a display of handsome plate and gorgeous furniture. To know the virtues and amiable manners of the French nation at the time I speak of, a traveller must have visited the prisons, many of which containing persons from every station in life, bore the appearance of a well-regulated commonwealth. The rich divided their means of existence with the poor, children came voluntarily to share the danger of their parents, wives and sisters softened the captivity, and partook of the hard fortune of their husbands and brothers; and the old and faithful servants of a family were seen to continue their attendance to the last, and follow their benefactors to the scaffold. In this reunion of unfortunate persons were then alone to be found those ancient magistrates, the luminaries of the nation in its better days, who had so bravely stood between the crown and the people; the greatly rich, who like Lavoisier, devoted thousands to the improvement of useful sciences, or like Labordes, made the rays of bounty shine upon all about them, and there alone were still to be admired those graces of polished conversation, those amiable manners, which can so well express, or rather imitate, the virtues of social life.

The active courage of the nation seemed confined to the frontiers: at home the only proof of resolution was to suffer without complaint, and submit to death with equanimity. We are all eighty years of age, was the common expression. I have seen, says Riouffe, forty-five members of the parliament of Paris, and thirty-three of that of Thoulouse, march to death with the same air and demeanour which distinguished them in former times, when walking in procession on the day of some public ceremony.

I had very little idea, when I began this letter, of deviating so widely from what, I intended, should be the principal subject of it; but the mention of the parliament of Paris has led me insensibly from my purpose. Let me however mention one case more, which marks the worst times of the revolution, and may console you for all the useless horrors I have related with an instance of parental love, which cannot

be too often applauded. A father and a son, of the name of Loiserolle, were confined at St. Lazare, where the committee of public safety chose to lay the scene of one of those imaginary conspiracies, which enabled them at any time to get rid of a number of prisoners at once. The son, who had been placed upon the list of conspirators, happened not to be in the common room; he had retired to rest in an adjoining chamber, when the nightly demand was made for the accustomed waggon load of victims to be transferred to the Concergerie, which was known to be the threshold of death. Loiserolle was now ordered to advance—Here I am, said the noble-minded father; and requesting in a whisper, that no one would disturb his son, or inform the officers of the police of their mistake, he took his place with others in a square formed by the guards, appeared at the bar of the tribunal the next morning, answered to his name, which was the only question asked, and bravely died in his son's place. I hope in God some poet or historian, worthy to record such magnanimous actions, will rise up hereafter. It pleased Heaven that this should be the last instance of cruelty perpetrated by the jacobin government; their fall took place a few days afterwards; and Robespierre, after undergoing a degree of agonizing pain, which seems to have in some measure vindicated the justice of Providence, died at the guillotine.

THE FINE ARTS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANECDOTES OF AMERICAN PAINTERS.

Of the artists who now flourish in England, those who profess painting may be said to be among the most numerous; and it must be a fact extremely grateful to every lover of his country, that some of them, and those the most distinguished, are Americans. The names of West, Trumbull, and Copely need only be mentioned in proof of my assertion.

While the lovers of the fine arts in various countries, have admired the works of these great men, there are numbers here who are yet to be informed that they are their countrymen. Vanderlyne, another of our master painters, is at Paris. As these names should be the pride of every American, it ought also to be recollected that others of almost, if not quite equal merit, are still with us. Steuart's fame has been universally disseminated. The elegant, the lamented Mal-

BORNE is no more. Others of great merit are still, I regret to say, too little known, who, while they excite the admiration and respect of their friends, are equally worthy of public patronage.

These names it is the intention of the present work to bring into more general notice, after which a review will be taken of those more eminent. It is to be presumed that such a work will be peculiarly interesting to all, who admire genius and delight to patronize it; and to the common reader, as it will make him more conversant with the merit of native artists, who while toiling in obscurity, and almost overcome by insurmountable difficulties, have too much pride to call their countrymen ungrateful.

In pursuance of the design above intimated, we commence with a narrative of one whose name is known only to a few, whose merit has been acknowledged by artists and connoisseurs, and whose works have excited the admiration of all who know them.

HOVEY.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.—GRAY.

IT is but too true that the spark of genius oft bursts forth in obscurity, glows with vivid lustre for a while, then languishes and dies unless nourished by the breath of patronage. The rich and great whom it becomes to encourage every thing excellent, should therefore make it their pride, to seek out and patronize native genius.

The subject of the present memoir first shone forth in retirement, patronage brought him into notice, and the discontinuance of it, obliged him to return to his original situation. Thus the genius, which if properly cultivated, might have astonished the world, and added to our national fame, must now dwindle to insignificance, or be content with the praise of the vulgar, and the gaze of the rustic.

OTIS HOVEY we believe was born in Massachusetts about the year 1788, whence his father removed soon after to Oxford, in the western part of the state of New-York. Hovey early evinced surprising talents for his favourite pursuit, and was frequently engaged in sketching various subjects with coal and chalk. These sketches, in a style coarse as the materials with which they were executed, excited the attention and wonder of the neighbours, who were struck with their force of expression, and correct delineation of nature. An amazing instance of his early genius is thus related: A sleigh and horses had been left carelessly in the road; at some alarm the horses started off

at full speed, and passed the window of the room in which Hovey was sitting. This was a fine subject for him: he made a rapid sketch of it, so true to nature, that every person who saw it was amazed, acknowledging it not merely as a fine sketch, but as a representation of the sleigh and horses of the individual to whom they belonged.

In pursuits like these, was spent the early part of his life, and such were the indications of his uncommon genius. Thus employed, he was discovered by a gentleman of the city of New-York. This gentleman, astonished at the wonderful proofs of talents exhibited by Hovey, both from his regard for the family, and his love of the fine arts, was desirous of assisting him. Thinking that in a city like New-York it would not be difficult to obtain a sufficient degree of patronage for such a youth, he invited him to come there, offering at the same time every necessary aid from his own purse.

With such encouragement, and such a patron, Hovey did not hesitate to accept the invitation, and accordingly came to the city about the year 1805, being then 16 or 17 years of age. His story was told, his patron introduced him to some of his friends, and during his stay afforded him a liberal support. After some exhibition of his talents, this gentleman endeavoured among the polite, the wealthy, and the learned, to raise a subscription sufficient to enable him to have the benefit of a few years instruction in Europe. To the shame of the city be it said, after frequent and unwearied applications, he was obliged to give up the project, it being an expense too great for one or two individuals, unless of large fortunes.

While this plan was in agitation, the pleasures and dissipation of the city began to take strong hold upon the disposition of Hovey. Emerging from the western wilds, untutored in the ways of the world, almost equally ignorant of books, no place could be more dangerous to a young man of genius, than a city like New-York. At such an age the passions are strongest, and the voice of Reason is hushed by the almost irresistible allurements of Pleasure. His patron early saw the danger to which his young protegé was exposed, and repeatedly remonstrated against his conduct; these remonstrances it is to be feared were little attended to. The consequence was, that although this gentleman would willingly have continued to assist young Hovey, and to retain him in the city, yet finding that his disposition had taken a new turn, and knowing that great talents unless cultivated were dangerous to their possessor in a populous city, he thought it most advisable for him to return home.

This could by no means have been agreeable to Hovey. He had now imbibed a relish for a city life, he had tasted of the banquet of dissipation, and sipped of the bowl of pleasure: it was sweet and agreeable, he had not yet learned that there were bitter dregs at bottom,

and could not therefore quit these joys, but with the keenest regret. There was, however, no alternative: his conduct would not justify his patron in keeping him longer in a place where so many temptations are daily offered to the youthful and unwary. Hovey was therefore obliged to leave the enchantments of the city for the dull realities of the woods.

Previous however to his departure from New-York, where he remained in the whole but a few months, he executed those few paintings, which entitle him to the character of an artist. The last of these will bear the test of correct criticism, and will not shrink from a comparison with any work painted under similar circumstances. It has frequently been called "wonderfully fine" by men of the first taste and most correct judgment in the art of painting. These pictures are in oil, and when it is considered how few they are in number, and that the only instruction he received towards their completion, was in the mixture of colours, it must excite our astonishment that in so short a time and with so few advantages, he has painted so well. All these pictures, five or six in number, are in the possession of the gentleman already mentioned. The first is only remarkable as a first attempt, and as such evinces genius. In the others he made a progressive improvement. His last and best painting is from an original brought from Europe. The subject is a Spanish shepherd or goatherd at his devotions: an aged figure, with his hands in a supplicating posture, a fleece thrown carelessly over his shoulders, and his scrip suspended. The execution is really exquisite, the colouring fine; perhaps the greatest painter would not have disdained to be thought the author of this piece. It is sufficient to say that Hovey's copy is little inferior to the original, and when placed together a difference can scarcely be perceived, so that connoisseurs often mistake the one for the other.

Little is known of Hovey since his return home; the last account stated that he still continued painting, and occasionally took the portraits of his neighbours, probably earning by this means a precarious subsistence. Literary history is full of the names of those whose lives were spent in want, who ended them in wretchedness, yet whose works while they are the delight of posterity, serve also as a reproach to the age in which they lived. While we hope that this stigma may not be affixed to the American character, it is too much to be feared that Hovey is doomed to add another name to the list of unfortunate genius, and neglected merit.

BAYARD.

MEMOIRS OF HAYTI——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTER II.

The Cape, January 31st, 1804.

THE proceedings of the black army during the seige of the Cape together with some letters, written to Dassalines by the French Commanders, were officially published after the evacuation, in a small pamphlet in the style of a bulletin, by the Indigene General. I send you a translation of it, that you may have an opportunity of forming some opinion of the state of the military art among the Haytians.

After the embarkation of the French, Dessalines with his troops entered the town of the Cape in triumph, attended by a large concourse of white inhabitants, who had gone out to meet him, and to welcome his arrival. Orders were immediately issued to the soldiers that the whites should not be molested, but on the contrary, treated in the most kind and friendly manner, as they had placed themselves under the protection of the Indigenes, and had manifested an implicit reliance on their good faith. These orders were not agreeable to the soldiers, who were half starved, naked and poor, and who had been waiting with eager impatience for this opportunity to plunder. They were, however, better obeyed than could have been expected from so unprincipled a band of ruffians.

Business was for a considerable time suspended, and the whites were too much terrified to open their stores. It was even dangerous for them to appear in the streets, for when they did so, they were robbed of their hats, watches, and whatever else they had of value about them. This want of confidence existed about three weeks, when a man of the name of Benard, finding that no outrages of a sanguinary nature had been committed, ventured to open his store. The sight of his property proved an irresistible temptation to destroy him. On the following morning he was discovered with his wife and child assassinated in bed, and his store completely plundered. This barbarity was without doubt perpetrated by some of the soldiers, but the offenders were not discovered, and perhaps never inquired after by their commanders. Mr. Benard, a Frenchman by birth, was, it is said, a naturalized citizen of the United States, and had but lately removed to the Cape from Boston.

The number of whites that remained in the Cape, confiding in the assurances of safety and protection, solemnly made by Dessalines, may be estimated at about *three thousand*. They consisted chiefly of merchants, tradesmen, and artizans, two or three priests, several physicians, and many families, of whom a considerable number were females, who had formerly been wealthy proprietors, but were now in

reduced circumstances, and probably preferred death itself, to wandering over the world in poverty and distress. There also remained a number of white soldiers, who had deserted from the French army, mostly Poles, and several designing sycophants, who by their talents as *intriguants*, expected to obtain important and lucrative offices under the government. Among these, Rimet, the French *adjutant of the place*, and a Mr. A——, a private citizen, were very conspicuous. The former apparently as a reward for his reliance on the protection of the blacks, was *nominally* invested with the office of *commandant de la place*, but in fact only for the purpose of supplying *Richard*, the *real* commandant, an ignorant negro, with a tutor to instruct him in the duties of his station. Mr. A—— was appointed Interpreter, an office which afforded many opportunities for fraudulent gain.

The sick and wounded soldiers, mentioned in the 5th article of the capitulation, who had been left by the French under the guardianship of the Indigenes, were soon *despatched*, but whether by drowning or shooting was not publicly known, and the physician that had remained with them, was taken into the service of the negro army.

Immense quantities of cannon, mortars, muskets, swords, shot, balls, and every species of arms and ammunition, were left in the arsenal by the French, and there found by the blacks. It is a little singular that the French did not make use of some of their wonted caution on this occasion, and destroy or render useless, which they might have done, many of these articles.

The blacks being now entire masters of the French part of the Island, the declaration of its Independence was immediately proclaimed, and every regulation for the establishment of tranquillity made without delay.

The first important step now to be pursued after the establishment of their Independence by the new dynasty, was the selection of a form of government best adapted to the nature and disposition of the subjects, and for this purpose a grand convention of the chiefs from the different parts of the Island was assembled. The result of their deliberations, was, the appointment of their commander in chief, Jean Jacques Dessalines, *governor-general* of the Island, a title rather unassuming in its pretensions, while in fact, he was invested with the most despotic power. The convention perhaps knew, that before the effects of a republican enthusiasm had subsided, there might be some objection among *the people* to those titles which are generally appropriated to an extensive degree of power, but they also knew, that nothing but an iron hand would be capable of governing a race of men, unaccustomed to liberty, and wholly ignorant of the import of the term.

Among the acts of this assembly, it was resolved, that the name of the Island should be changed to Hayti, its original name, when discovered. The French calendar was abolished. The name of Port au Prince, which during the democracy of the French revolution, had been altered to Port Republican, was restored. Cape François was permitted to retain only the appellation of The Cape. The names of streets and places, which bore any relation to the French were changed. Even the use of the French language was considerably discouraged, and the Creole obtained more general currency. Dassalines never spoke a word of French, nor would he permit himself to be addressed in that language. He has been known to say to an American, who began to converse with him in French, "*speak Creole, I am not a white man!*"

The Island was divided into several departments, each commanded by a general of division. Subdivisions of these districts were then allotted to the command of brigadier generals, and of these again the towns and parishes, were placed under the authority of commandants. The seat of government was established at Gonaives, a small town, in the bite of Leogane, the first day of January was declared to be the commencement of the era of their independence, and on that day was published an official paper, purporting to be a solemn abjuration of the French nation. *Clervaux*, a man of colour, was invested with the office of *general in chief*, the title of the second in command.

These, and many other arrangements being established, the chiefs retired to their respective places of residence, to attend more immediately to the government of their districts.

R.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MARRIAGE IN GREECE.

(*From the Memoirs of Anacreon. MS.*)

THE sun had just begun to gild the summits of the mountains as I entered the delicious valley of Pædion, which is watered by the various streams of the Ilyssus, the Eridan and the Cæphisus. The numerous forests of olive trees were now in full bloom, and appeared like a white veil sustained by branches of dark green. The birds which migrated to more genial climes to avoid the rigours of the past season, were re-

turning; and, in gayest notes of transport they expressed the joy with which they revisited their former abodes. I journeyed many weary miles on the meandering banks of the Ilyssus, and breathed incessant prayers to the gods and the muses who preside over its sacred waters* to favour my undertaking with their auspicious influence. The placid undulations of the waves afforded a striking contrast with the tumultuous agitation of my breast; and though the birds awakened their sweetest melody, they infused no harmony into my soul. However Wit may riot in the successes of the convivial board, or Wisdom boast its superior dignity, they afford no solace to the mind of the lover whose breast is disturbed by doubt. To him no eye sparkles but that of her for whom he sighs, and no rules excite his meditations but those which are taught by the son of the cerulean goddess. His soul though unappalled by the all dangers of contention, is softened to tenderness by the influence of female attractions; sensibility usurps the place of courage, and man, with all his pride, is more timid than the fawn which flies before the mountain breeze.

Alternately cheered by the hopes of success and dismayed by the fears of disappointment, with a heart throbbing under all those conflicting emotions which agitate the reflections of a youthful lover, I arrived on the evening of the third day, at the mansion of Telesicles, the uncle of Myrilla. As I passed, with timid steps, through the groves that shaded the house, I saw her seated on a gentle eminence, which was denominated Ida. A mild breeze wantoned through the ringlets of her hair, and as it wafted the delicious odours of the violets upon which she reclined, it bore also the soft sounds of her melodious voice. But oh! what rapture thrilled my veins when I recognised in those tones, which I almost feared to hear, the music of one of my own songs. It was that last adieu, which breathed the despondency of a hopeless mind, when I believed her to be devoted to another. An expression of melancholy stole over her face, and her blue eye glistened with the tear of sadness as she feebly struck the unwilling strings. The scene was too affecting. I ran to her, and in an instant she was encircled in my arms.

Blessings on thee, oh Ida! thou witness of the most delicious moment of my existence. May the Graces select thee as the scene of their disportings, and the Muses celebrate thy beauties in the sweetest songs of praise. May the luxuriant lentiscus and the blooming rose diffuse their odours through thy romantic shades in perennial vigour, and the

* The Athenians are of opinion that the Ilyssus is sacred to other gods and the muses. Paus. Att. lib. 1, cap. 18.

lotus spread its hospitable branches to entice the weary to thy pleasant places!

Let delicacy draw the veil of concealment over this hour. Mutual recriminations occasioned reciprocal forgiveness, and, in the endearments of virtuous and unfeigned affection, we forgot the anxieties of the past, and contemplated, with eager delight, the flattering promises of the future.

When we entered the house, I was cordially received by the venerable Telesicles, whose head was blanched by the winters of many Olympiads. He was one of the intrepid heroes who distinguished themselves by the conquest of Salamis, in conjunction with Solon, whose patriotism never yielded to the vile clamours of Athenian democracy. He was among the first who dared to second the advice of the legislator, when he exposed the absurdity of that law which condemned to death, the citizen who should propose to renew the war against the Megarians. In the Council of Five Hundred, his wisdom justified the hope of his early years, and Attica acknowledged in him the undaunted soldier, the disinterested patriot, and the sagacious statesman. The death of Solon deprived him of the last friend of his youth, and in the peaceful shades of retirement he now experienced and enjoyed the reward of a virtuous life.

In a few days after my arrival I communicated to him the object of my visit. He embraced me with the cordiality of a father, and signified his entire approbation of the preference of Myrilla, and also of that of her mother, who was acquainted with my attachment. Thus, after a tedious banishment which was lengthened by the anxious thoughts that had perplexed my mind, was my happiness completed by the success of my ardent wishes. I despatched a courier to Anacreon with the joyful tidings of the felicity of his friend; and the alacrity with which he obeyed my summons attested the sincerity of his attachment.

At the dawn of a serene and cloudless day the inhabitants of a neighbouring hamlet were making sacrifices to the gods for our happiness. When the hour arrived, which had been agreed upon, I repaired to the house of Telesicles, accompanied by Anacreon and about thirty other male friends.* We were met at the door by a person appointed

* It was contrary to law to invite more than thirty to an entertainment in Athens, and it was the business of certain people who were called γυναικονομοι to go to the houses and expel all above that number. The cooks were obliged to give a list of the names of the guests where they were hired. *Athenæ*, lib. 6, cap. 11. Men and women were never invited together. Cic. Orat. 3, pro Verr. Cornel. Nep. Præfat. in Vit. Imp.

for that purpose by our host,* who was then occupied in making sacrifices to the gods, with some he joined hands;† of others he kissed the lips, hands, knees, or feet, and some received the χυτρον‡ or pot kiss. When we entered, we did not immediately sit down, but walked round the room, and examined the pictures and furniture.§ Over the door was inscribed, *let no evil enter.*

μηδεν εισιτο κακον.‖

The tables were decorated with garlands of wild asparagus, which, being covered with prickles and affording pleasant fruit, signified the difficulty of courtship, and the reward with which perseverance is crowned in the possession of a lovely woman.¶ The friends who accompanied me threw upon my head figs and other fruits, as omens of future plenty.** While we were thus engaged, Myrilla was led into the room by her uncle, and followed by her friends.

The blooming bride was attired in a flowing purple robe, and a jealous veil strove to conceal her timid blushes. The violet curls†† which luxuriantly wantoned on her neck, were perfumed with odorous essences and loosely bound with garlands of herbs which are sacred to Venus. We walked in procession to the temple, and at the door we were met by the priest, who presented us with a branch of the twining ivy that indicated the intimate union which we were about to form. A sacrifice of a milk-white heifer was then made to propitiate the pure Diana, the wise Minerva, and those deities who are believed to be unfriendly to matrimony, because they never bowed to the dominion of Hymen. The priest and the people also implored the protection of the Fates who spin the threads of life, of the Graces who embellish the comforts of social intercourse, and of the queen of Beauty, who gave birth to Love, and added strength to the silken bands of the god of Marriage.

The entrails of the animal having been inspected and the omens which had appeared to the soothsayers being propitious,‡‡ the notary

---

* When the guests arrived at the house of entertainment, the master of the house or one appointed in his place saluted them, which was called ασπαζεσθαι. Schol. in Aristoph. Plut.

† Hom. Odys. γ. v. 35.

‡ This was when they took the person kissed, like a pot, by both ears, which was chiefly used towards children. *Tibul.* lib. 2. Though sometimes by men and women. Theocrit. Idyll. 8. v. 132.

§ Aristoph. Vesp. Athenæ, lib. 4, cap. 27.

‖ Diog. Laert. in Diog.

¶ Bion. Idyl. 1.

** Schol. in Aristoph. Plut.

†† *Violet curls.* Pindar.

‡‡ Achill. Tat. lib. 2. Plutarch de Conjug. Præcept.

was now ordered to read the contract, which simply stated that Telesicles having received a present, had given his niece in marriage to me, with the concurrence of her mother; and that he had bestowed a dowry, which was to be returned in case of my death, or of a separation by mutual consent.* If the dowry was not returned, I was bound to pay her nine oboli every month, or be subject to an action of maintenance in the odeum.† When this instrument was signed, Telesicles placed the hand of Myrilla in mine, and at the same time pronounced these words: "Athenian! I bestow this maid upon you, that you may give legitimate children to the republic."‡ We then exchanged vows of fidelity, which being ratified by fresh sacrifices, we prepared to return to the house which I had prepared for this occasion.§ Anacreon and myself ascended the car, and the blushing bride was placed between us.‖ The shades of night had now descended, and our way was illuminated by the glare of a hundred torches. We were preceded by a band of musicians and dancers, whose joyous notes and nimble attitudes added to the festivity of the scene.¶ When we arrived at my house, the axletree of the car was broken, by which act it was signified that the bride would not return to her former home.** The hall was decorated with green garlands emblematic of cheerfulness, and the nuptial entertainment was now to be celebrated in honour of the gods of marriage, and that the marriage might be made public, by the assemblage of friends.†† The table, which was covered with tapestry, was placed in the middle of the room and surrounded by couches. The guests were arranged according to their respective ranks, and they were called to their places, by a person appointed for that purpose.‡‡ The first reclined the upper part of his body upon his left side, his

---

* Homer makes Telemachus say, that if his mother should be sent from the house, he would be obliged to return her dowry to her father, Icarius. Odys. 11. Vid. Isæus de hæred. Pyrr. Plut. in Alcibiad.

† The action of σιτης δικη. Demost. in Neær.

‡ Menander.

§ Hom. Il. β. 700. Valer. Flac. lib. 6. Catul. epig. ad Mall. In Hom. H. - 66. Women, whose husbands died soon after the marriage are said to be left widows in a *new built house*.

‖ Eustat. notes on the Iliad ζ. and λ. Catull. Epithal. This *groomsman* was called παρoχος.

¶ Hom. Il. β. υ. 490.

** Hom. Il. Σ. 491. Ter. Adelph. act 5, sc. 7.

†† Hom. Il. τ. 299. Odys. δ. 18. Athenæ, lib. 5, cap. 1. Terent. Phorm. act 4, sc. 4.

‡‡ Eustath. in Il. ζ. υ. 498.

head raised, his back supported by a pillow, and his feet thrown behind the next person below him. In this manner four or five persons were accommodated on each couch, on which odorous flowers were profusely scattered.* Some preferred lying on their breast, that their right arm might more easily reach the table.†

First we offered a part of our provisions to the gods, and particularly to Vesta, the chief of the household gods.‡ The first meal was *a repast before supper* (δειπνα προοιμιον) which consisted of bitter herbs, eggs, oysters, and other things which create an appetite. The second, or supper (δειπνον) was a repetion of the former provisions,§ with bread (μαζα) made of flour, salt, water and oil,‖ baked under the ashes,¶ and compositions of rice, cheese, eggs, and honey wrapt in fig leaves, and of cheese, garlic and eggs.** We had also almonds, figs, peaches and other fruits.†† The third part of the entertainment, which was the second course, was composed of a variety of sweetmeats. These were furnished in great profusion and luxury,‡‡ although the guests were very frugal in their use of them.§§ A list of all the dishes was given to me by the cook and handed round the table, that the guests might select those which were most pleasing to their palates.‖‖‖

Our liquors were wine and water. The water had been cooled by ice,¶¶ and the wine was four years old.*** While we were eating, a little boy entered who was covered with acorns and boughs of thorns. He carried a basket full of bread, and sung, *I have left a worse and found a better state;*

εφυγον κακον, ευρον αμεινον

in allusion to the superior joys of matrimony.†††

---

* Cic. Orat. in Pison. Athenæ, lib. 25, cap. 10. Ovid, Fast. lib. 5.

† Plut. Sympos. lib. 5. Quæst. 6. Hor. lib. 2, Sat. 4, v. 37.

‡ Homer and the Greek writers generally.

§ Athenæ, lib. 4, cap 4.

‖ Schol. Aristoph. Pac. 1.

¶ Athenæ, 3, 27.

** Schol. Aristoph. Equit. 1100.

†† Ælian, Var. Hist. 1, 31.

‡‡ Athenæ, lib. 14, cap. 11.

§§ Herodot. lib. 1, cap. 133. Athen. lib. 4, cap. 10.

‖‖‖ Athenæ, lib. 15, cap. 10.

¶¶ Plut. Sympos. lib. 6. Athenæ, lib. 3, cap. 36.

*** Old wine was then, as it is now, in best repute. Hom. Odys. β. 340, γ 391. Pind. Olym. Od. 9. The Spartans drank it at the age of four years. When first made, it was boiled until a fifth part was consumed. Athenæ, lib. 10, cap. 7.

††† Athenæ, lib. 10. Hesych.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IT is asserted by Heron, that the author of Junius's Letters was John Dunning, the attorney, afterwards lord Ashburton; but he brings forward no evidence, external or internal, to support his assertion. I will take the liberty to point out to your readers a few things that tend to strengthen this belief.

1. Dunning's memorial, entitled, "A Defence of the United Company of Merchants of England trading to the East Indies, against the Complaints of the Dutch East India Company," is not only a masterpiece of language and reasoning, but seems to be inspired by the genius of Junius.

2. When Wilkes figured in the political world, Dunning's attachment to the cause displayed itself on so many trials in which his professional abilities were engaged, that the name of DUNNING was sounded distinctly in the general cry of Wilkes and liberty.*

3. *Counsellor Lee (better known by the name of honest Jack Lee) the particular friend of Dunning, is made honourable mention of by Junius, in the preface to his Letters.*

4. No lawyer of his time understood the English Constitution better than Dunning. He knew it in spirit as well as in law, and, though not deficient in the depths of his profession, his eloquence partook more of the spirit than the letter of his profession.

5. His diction was of the purest and most classical kind; not modelled after any particular writer, but *sui generis*.†

I am, sir, &c.

ATTICUS.

---

* This well-attested fact overthrows the objection started by a writer on this subject in a former number of The Port Folio, who insists that Horn and Dunning were friends. The PRECIS of Horn's philological work was communicated by him to Dunning, in 1777, that is, several years after Junius appeared.

† Dunning's letter, republished in The Port Folio from the European Magazine, on the study of the law, is such as one would fancy to himself Junius's unpremeditated composition.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following translation, or rather imitation of the celebrated Spanish work, called the *Literary Republic*, is offered to your consideration with much deference by

LAURA.

THE LITERARY REPUBLIC.

From the Original Spanish.

REFLECTING on the number of books that exist, and which is continually increasing, as much through the vanity of authors who study mankind in order to write, and write in order to live, as by the facility of printing them, I fell asleep, and my interior sense drew the curtain which concealed the images of the things I had reflected on, while awake. I found myself near a city whose bowers of silver and burnished gold dazzled the sight, its beauty created in me a desire to draw nearer, and, seeing before me an aged man, who was going towards it, I overtook him: it was *Marcus Varro*, of whose knowledge in profane and sacred history, I had learned much from the testimony of *Cicero*, and others. I inquired of him the name of the city; he replied courteously, that it was the *Literary Republic*, and offered to show me all that it contained worthy of examination. I accepted the offer, and we continued our way in agreeable conversation.

As we proceeded, I observed that the neighbouring fields produced more hellebore, than any other plant, and asking the cause, he told me that Providence always placed the antidote near the poison, and that it had here placed that plant for the relief of the citizens, who by continual study were subject to pains of the head. He added, that many of them used hellebore to strengthen the memory to the great danger of the judgment.

Having reached the city, I remarked that the walls were high and defended by cannon made of goose quills, charged with balls of paper, the ditches were filled with a dark liquor; at equal distances were high towers in which great quantities of linen rags were beat to atoms in marble mortars, and then formed into sheets of paper; a substance easily produced, but which has cost mankind so dear. Nature providentially concealed gold and silver in the entrails of the earth, as objects that would trouble our repose, she placed them in the remotest regions of the globe, and raised as walls before them, high and inaccessible mountains. But industrious man discovered the art of navigating the seas, penetrating the mountains, and extracting the metals, which have caused so many cares, wars, and murders in the world.

And these vile rags with which even nakedness could not cover itself, have been drawn by his diligence from the dunghill, where they were thrown, and changed by his labour into those sheets, where Malice is the mistress of Innocence, and which have caused such an infinite variety of ills.

The frontispiece of the gate of the city was formed of columns of marble and jasper, in which not without design Architecture seemed to have been wanting to herself; for, of the five orders, the Doric only appeared, hard and unpleasant symbol of labour and fatigue. In niches between the columns were placed the statues of the nine Muses, to whom the sculpture had given such lightness and expression, that the soul was transported as if really feeling their influence.

Clio appeared to kindle flames of glory in the breast, by reciting the deeds of illustrious men; *Terpsicore* elevated the mind by the sweetness of her music; *Erato* gave to numbers and the compass, movement and life; *Polymnia* awakened the memory; *Urania* raised the soul to the contemplation of the stars; *Caliope* excited heroic spirits to glorious actions. The frontispiece was surmounted by the statue of *Apollo*, whose golden hair fell in brilliant waves over his shoulders; in his right hand he held a plectrum, in his left a lyre.

On entering the suburbs we found that they were inhabited by those, who exercise the arts which fatigue the body, but require little aid from the understanding. Bastard children of the Sciences, who having received from them their existence, and the rules by which they are governed, deny them, and work without knowing on what principle they labour. We passed these mechanics without paying them much attention, except to the Athenian *Dedalus*, who holding in one hand a saw, and a vice in the other, boasted of having invented them.

We next saw those liberal arts in which Genius guides the hand, who obeys it as its instrument, and who themselves depend on the sciences, occupied in words and quantities; they were divided from the mechanics by a gentle river, whose shores were joined by a bridge, the gate of which was supported by columns of jasper and alabaster; whose cornices were ornamented with trophies of pencils, brushes, pallets, squares, compasses and chissels; on the height of the frontispiece, Architecture was represented as a young woman, holding in her right hand a compass, her left leaning on the foundation of an edifice; at her feet, on the plane of a pedestal, was written these lines of Michael Angelo,

> "Non ha l'ottimo artista alcun concetto
> "Chè un marmo solo in se non circunscriva."

At her right side stood Painting with a pencil, and pallet in her hand, and a mask hanging at her neck; at her left was Sculpture

crowned with laurels, reclining on fragments of statues. From this bridge extended a spacious street inhabited by professors of drawing and painting; among the architects, the Athenian *Agatarcus* gloried in having discovered the art; *Sostratus* drew a plan of the tower of Pharos; the Corinthian *Spindarus*, one of the temple of Delphos; *Carus*, the Indian of the colossus of Rhodes; *Scopas*, the Mausoleum of *Artemisia*, and *Apolodorus*, the forum of *Trajan.* Others laboured at perfecting columns, pedestals, cornices, and architraves for an edifice; laborious undertakings for this short life in which the first sighs almost reach the last.

Further on, *Stratonicus*, *Acragus*, *Mentor*, and *Bedas*, were making wonderful engravings on silver. *Stratonicus*, engraved on a cup a satyr, with such skill that he appeared alive, and gave terror to the nymphs, who seemed to pant with fear.

Zopyrus, on a silver vase delineated the follies of *Orestes;* and *Pytheas* finished that admirable work called *Magiriscia*, which no one has dared to imitate. Beneath a portico king *Attalus* diverted himself in viewing the manufacture of cloth of various textures, and boasted of having invented them: near him several *Trojans* were employed in embroidery, and they copied on carpets to the envy of Painting, all the works of Nature, with such truth, that Nature herself was astonished.

In another portico, *Alcamenes*, *Cricias*, *Nestocles*, and *Agelades*, sculptured in marble, and *Pyrioteles* engraved *Alexander* the Great on precious stones, which he alone was permitted to do, as *Lysippus* to make his statue in marble, and *Apelles* to paint him on canvas. Oh! great privilege of Valour, in whose honour few are found worthy to be employed.

Among the last, though the first in his art, was the *Chevalier d'Urbino* finishing the statue of *Daphne*, half transformed into laurel, on which the view rested, expecting every moment to see her form entirely covered by the bark; and the wind move the leaves into which her hair changed by degrees.

Further on were the professors of painting, an art which emulates nature: on its invention there was great disputes. *Gigias*, of *Lydia*, boasted of having discovered it; *Pyrrhus* contradicted him, and also the Corinthians; the Egyptians said they had known it six thousand years before it had been known in *Greece;* a dispute which it would be difficult to decide, because the arts arrive at perfection by insensible degrees.

Bodies bathed in light throw out shadows, and from these shadows the art originated; *Ardices* and *Telefantes*, were the first who drew outlines, and distingushed forms; *Polygnatus* and *Aglofon*, used black

and white; *Philocles*, the Egyptian, invented lines; *Apolodorus* the pencil, and *Atonello*, the oil which renders pictures eternal.

As we were viewing these things in profound silence, it was interrupted by a dispute between *Zeuxis* and *Parrhasius*, rivals in painting; and as the jealousy of genius is the most violent, they would soon have come to blows; *Zeuxis* was ashamed of having been deceived by the curtain of *Parrhasius*; though he had repaired his credulity by painting grapes so naturally that the birds came and pecked at them; but he should have been less arrogant, for if the imitation of the grapes was happy, that of the boy who carried them, was not so; since he did not frighten the birds away.

We here saw *Aristides* painting with such expression, that the emotions of the soul, were discovered in his works; *Protogenes* had almost finished the picture of *Jaliso*, at which he had worked seven years, without other food than bread and water, any nourishment less simple, embarrassed his genius; this picture was to be placed in the temple of Peace; there remained nothing to be done, but the form of a dog, which he strove several times to imitate, but always in vain, till in despair he threw a sponge at the picture. I was astonished at the fury of the painter in destroying a work that had cost him so much pain, but my astonishment increased at beholding the mark made by the sponge produce the effect which his utmost efforts had vainly attempted; hence I learned that hazard often produces what care and attention cannot attain; and that it is best to follow the first impulses of nature, which are governed by divine movement, and not by worldly prudence.

We were amusing ourselves with this variety of pictures, when we reached a crowd of people, who disputed the precedency of painting and sculpture; *Lysippus* insisted that sculpture should have the preference, for it required greater knowledge of proportion, and more care in the delineation, for if an error was committed it could not be repaired in a work exposed to the touch and the view, whose perfection must be certain, and whose materials are more durable, and more precious, than those of painting. *Apelles* sought by various reasons to establish the superiority of painting. He said it was a silent history, which placed at once before the eyes, many actions, places, and movements to the great delight and improvement of the soul. If sculpture by the solidity of its materials shows the quantities of bodies, painting by the application of light and shade makes them appear on a plain surface. In sculpture bodies preserve their just distance, but painting groups, separates, and raises them with such skill as to deceive the eye, and make even Nature ashamed at seeing herself surpassed.

The dispute increased and threatened to become serious, when *Michael Angelo*, great sculptor and painter, appeased them by showing three circles which intersected each other, saying that thus these two arts and architecture were equal.

We then entered the city through a gate crowned with half a sphere, on which appeared the seven sciences. The doors were of bronze, or that Corinthian metal, so celebrated by the ancients; two grammarians with heavy eyebrows and long beards, habited *à l'antique* with keys hanging at their girdles, stood as guards and porters at the door; and looked so insolent with the importance of the trust, that to avoid passing I had resolved to return; but curiosity urging me on I was obliged to bear with them, and having entered, a superb edifice presented itself to my view. Before it was a spacious court, where all the books were delivered, sent from every part of the world to that Republic. The whole place was filled with them, and they were received by ancient censors each destined to examine the books of his profession; they were very severe, and only suffered to enter the city, books perfect in their kind, that could enlighten the understanding, and be of service to mankind.

I drew near a censor, and saw that he received books of jurisprudence. Fatigued with such numbers of letters, treaties, decisions, and opinions, he exclaimed, oh! *Jupiter*, why do you not send into the world every century an Emperor *Justinian*, or an army of Goths to remedy this idle deluge of learning. Without opening many cases he delivered them to the cooks that they might use the civil tracts to light fires, and the criminal ones to fry fish and cover roast meat.

Another censor received the works of the poets, among which was a great number of odes, tragedies, comedies, pastorals, eclogues, and satirical works, with much humour he applied the amorous verses to make bandboxes for the ladies, or gave them to the confectioners to wrap up surgar plumbs, &c.; the satirical ones he sent to hold pepper, or cover pins and needles, few being found among them, worthy of notice; the same fate attended the tracts of astronomy, astrology, necromancy, sortilege, and alchemy, for he sent almost all of them to make cartridges, and be employed in fireworks.

The censor who examined the works of *Belles Lettres*, was much afflicted to see them surrounded on all sides by commentaries, questions, annotations, lucubrations, &c.; and from time to time could not forbear laughing to see a Latin book, or even one in a modern language, with a Greek title, by which the authors expected to give dignity to their performances, like fathers who call their children *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, believing by these names to inspire them with valour; the censor reserved a few of these books, and sent the rest to an apothe-

cary to cover the jars which had Greek inscriptions, though they were filled with herbs of the country.

Great part of the historical works were excluded from the temple, and destined to make triumphal arches, statues of paper, and other theatrical decorations; those of medicine, not less destructive than engines of war, to make wadding for cannon.

From the north, particularly from France and Italy, came troops of mules loaded with books of politics, social contracts, commentaries on *Tacitus*, and on the republics of *Plato*, and *Aristotle:* a venerable censor received this dangerous merchandize; his severe countenance was expressive of candour and prudence: at their sight, he exclaimed, oh! books, in which virtue and religion serve as conveniences, what tyranny have you not introduced into the world? how many states and kingdoms have been destroyed by your power! On deceit and malice you seek to build their preservation and prosperity, without considering that they cannot last on false foundations.

Nothing is stable but religion and truth, and that prince alone is happy, who is guided by their counsels.

I was much struck with what he said, and expected to see him send them to be used for weathercocks; which move with every wind, and even without wind, or else to make masks; for the chief study of politicians is to cover the face of falsehood, and give it the appearance of truth; but he ordered them all to be burned; and when I inquired the reason of this sentence, he replied, these papers held so much venom that even distributed in small pieces in the shops, they would be dangerous to public tranquillity, and that therefore it was more safe to deliver them to the flames.

I felt so afflicted to see so many works of genius destroyed, that I turned from that quarter, and entering the edifice found myself in a square room, the ceiling of which represented the heavens, with all the constellations; the zodiac with the twelve signs, was inclosed by four angles, in which were represented the four principal winds; *Eurus*, with white clouds; the South, red and furious; the West shedding flowers; and the North shaking hail and snow from his misty mantle. On the four walls was seen the four seasons of the year, Spring crowned with roses; Summer with ears of wheat; Autumn with vines; and Winter with thorns. In the midst of this room hung a great balance, and by its side a small one; in the first they weighed genius by the quintal, in the second judgment by grains and scruples.

By the light of a window, Hernando Herrara compared with great attention the merit of various productions of genius with each other; and I thought he made some errors, for works of genius are not always what they appear to be; some at first view, are lively and brilliant,

but of little instrinsic value; others with less show have more solidity. But I wished to learn from him in what estimation he held the Tuscan and Spanish poets; and asking with much humility his opinion, he replied in the following manner:

"The Roman empire fell, and enveloped in its ruins, fell the sciences and the arts, till divided into separate dominions, governed by different laws, the states of Italy flourished in peace, and Science again raised her head.

Petrarch was the first who pierced the confused clouds of ignorance with sparks of light, drawn from his own genius, and gave lustre to the Tuscan poetry; his spirit, his elegance, his purity, and his grace, rank him with the most celebrated writers of antiquity.

Dante desiring to be thought a poet, ceased to be scientific, and desiring to appear learned, was no longer a poet; he elevated himself above common intelligence, without attaining the power of delighting, the peculiar province of poetry, nor that of imitating, which is its form.

Ariosto, with great genius and facility of invention, broke the laws of epic poetry by neglecting unity in its fables, and by celebrating only one hero, while he celebrated many in an ingenious and variegated piece, but of which the materials are not polished or refined. This license was imitated by *Marino*, in his *Adonis:* more attentive to delight than to instruct, his fertility and elegance, form a beautiful garden abounding with parterres of flowers.

More strict in the precepts of the art, was *Torquato Tasso;* no one can read his book, without respect and reverence.

What has been said of the poets of *Italy*, may be applied to those of *Spain;* their necks were bowed beneath the *African* yoke, and the *Muses* thought more of concealing themselves in the mountains, than of tuning their shells; till *Juan de Mena* soothed their fears, and caused them to raise the sweet sound of their voices amid the clangor of arms. In him we find much to admire, but nothing to imitate; for so great at that time was the aversion to rhymes, that he was obliged to express his ideas in couplets, without their aid.

After him flourished the *Marquis de Santillana Garcia, Sanches Costona, Cartagena*, and others, who, by degrees, approached perfection.

In a more polished period, and by the native force of his genius, *Garcillasso de la Vega*, rose to a very great degree of elevation; he was the prince of Lyric poets. With sweetness, and wonderful purity of expression, he described the sentiments of the soul, and as they are subjects appropriate to songs and eclogues, in them he surpassed himself: painting with elegance, tenderness, and affection, and exciting

them at pleasure: if he is sometimes careless in his sonnets, it is the fault of the times in which he wrote; in his eclogues, he uses a style decorous, simple, and elegant, a medly of rusticity and grace, of modern and antique words, imitating *Virgil.*

In Portugal flourished *Camoens;* he was tender and amorous, had a great genius for Lyric and Epic poetry. In the time of *Garcillasso*, *Boscan* wrote, who, considering that he was a stranger, merits great praise, and is entitled to much indulgence for his negligence in the choice of words.

To these succeeded *Don Diego de Mendoza*, full of life, but rude and uncultivated.

Cetino flourished almost at the same time, whose tender and affectionate lines are without nerve or vigor.

Louis de Brabona, was endowed with a more elevated genius, but having had no one to consult, his verses flow without art or elegance.

Juan de Argona, began to translate *Statius*, and it is to be regretted that he died before it was completed. He showed in the fragment he left, that he neither wanted talents nor spirit; imitating *Anguilara* in his translation of *Ovid.*

Don Alphonso de Ercilla, though prevented by his devotion to the profession of arms, from acquiring much knowledge, has given proofs in his Araucana of great facility of invention, and fertility of genius.

In our days *Martial* of *Cordova* has been reborn in *Don Luis de Gongora*, the darling of the Muses, and the favourite of the Graces, great architect of the Spanish Language, with which he knew how to play with incomparable address, and indescribable elegance; even his errors are pardonable, because they are inimitable.

Contemporary with him, was *Bartolomeo Leonardo de Argensola*, the glory of Arragon, and the oracle of *Apollo;* whose fertility, learning, purity, and elevation, will be eternally admired by all, though equalled by few; but his copyists and editors have disfigured his works, because they did not understand them; a danger to which all posthumous works are subject.

Lope de Vega, is a noble valley of Parnassus, so productive that the imagination is dazzled, and Nature herself becomes enamoured of his abundance: despising the dry and narrow rules of art, his works appear like a rich Magazine, where you can choose jewels to your taste, and where all tastes may be satisfied."

(To be concluded in our next.)

RHETORIC——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LECTURE II.

ON THE NATURE AND PROPER USE OF ACCENT.

GENTLEMEN,

MY last address to you being on *Articulation*, or the construction and proper use of the organs of speech in producing those various sounds which constitute the human voice, by which the elementary sounds or letters of our language are expressed, and of which elementary sounds, syllables, words and sentences are composed, I shall endeavour in the present lecture to explain to you the nature and proper use of Accent and Emphasis: principles of pronunciation most essentially necessary to convey the truth and force of sentiment.

Confiding in your having acquired, agreeably to my recommendation, a perfect knowledge of the various sounds of the letters according to their several combinations, you must now be informed of the general principles of *Accentuation*, which affects letters and syllables, and of *Emphasis*, which distinguishes, by a stress of the voice, one or more words in a sentence from the rest; thereby expressing, with proper precision and effect, the true import and meaning intended to be communicated.

The term accent, means a peculiar manner of expressing one letter in a syllable, or syllable in a word, from the rest, that it may be better heard or distinguished from them. Whether this distinction relates merely to the *stress* or *force* of the voice, or to the variation of tone, are questions which have agitated and disturbed the republic of letters for centuries, and opinions very widely different have been held and defended by very learned and able men. It is still, among critics, a source of discussion, nay, of literary warfare, to ascertain what accent is: but in this dispute, as in many others, the subject matter is sufficiently plain, till obscured by the labours of the disputants. No person to whom an English word is shown, with an accentual mark placed over it (as advértisement, or advertísement) feels any doubt in regulating his voice according to that mark. This plain matter then it is, and not any point of subtil inquiry, which it is the object of this lecture to methodize and explain.

Accent, in English, is only a species of emphasis. When one word in a sentence is distinguished by the voice as more important than the rest, we say that it is *emphatical*, or that an *emphasis* is laid upon it; when one syllable in a word is distinguished by the voice and more audible than the rest, we say that it is *accented*, or that an accent is

put upon it. Accent, therefore, is to syllables, what emphasis is to sentences; it distinguishes one from the crowd, and brings it forward to observation.

If this account be right, it naturally follows, that in monosyllables, accent and emphasis must be the same; and that those monosyllables alone have any accent which are capable of being emphatical. Monosyllabic nouns and verbs are therefore accented; but particles and other subservient parts of speech are, for the most part, incapable of any accent, if monosyllables. We therefore find them in verse generally disposed in the unaccented part of each foot; as "Fa'r *as the* solar wa'lk, *or* mi'lky wa'y." For the same reason, many monosyllables are occasionally accented, or not, according to their accidental importance, as in these lines, the word *must:*

> Where all must full or not coherent be,
> And all that rises, rise in due degree;
> Then in the scale of reas'ning life 'tis plain
> There *múst* be somewhere such a rank as man.
>
> *Essay on Man*, I. 46.

So the word *not*, in the following:

> Remember, man, the Universal Cause
> Acts not by PARTIAL, but by GEN'RAL laws;
> And makes what happiness we justly call
> Subsist *not* in the good of *one*, but *all*.
> There's *nót* a blessing individuals find,
> But some way leans and hearkens to the kind.
>
> *Ib.* IV, 35.

Here *not* is wholly unaccented in the first instance, slightly in the second, and very strongly in the last. The pronoun *us* is often passed over without much notice, but is strongly brought forward in this line:

> Better for *ús* perhaps it might appear.
>
> *Ib.* I. 165.

So exactly is accent, in English, the same as emphasis, that when words of different meaning are contrasted, the accent of one is often changed from its natural seat, to that distinctive syllable which the opposition has rendered emphatical. Thus the accent of *unsó'ciable* and *intó'lerable*, is regularly upon the syllables *so* and *to;* but when we say some men are *sociable*, others UN*sociable;* some *tolerable*, others IN*tolerable;* we usually throw the accent upon *un* and *in*, the particles upon which the contrast depends.

Such is the general nature of accent among us. Among the ancients the term denoted a very different thing. Accent, with them, signified a musical modulation of the voice, making it higher or lower with re-

spect to gravity or acuteness of sound. These inflections of the voice, however, seem to affect sentences rather than single words. Accent appears to be the most unstable part of the English language. We can all remember words differently accented from the present practice; and many might be collected which still are fluctuating with their accent unsettled.

Adve'rtise.

Wherein he might the king his lord advèrtise.
Shakspeare.

As I by friends am well advértised.
Ibid.

Hence advértisement is the ancient accentuation.

My griefs are louder than advèrtisement.
Ibid.

A'spect, aspe'ct.

His words here ended, but his meek aspèct.
Par. Lost.

Attri'bute (verb) *a'ttribute.*

With glory àttributed to the high Creator.
Ibid.

Comme'rce (both substantive and verb).

With even step and musing gait
And looks commèrcing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.
Il Penseroso.

Co'njure, in the sense of to enjoin solemnly.

O Prince! I còn jure thee, as thou believest
There is another comfort than this world.
Shaks. Meas. for Meas.

Mela'ncholy.

There many minstrales maken melody
To drive away the dull melàncholy.
Spenser.

Pe'rfume (both verb and substantive).

Than in the pèrfum'd chambers of the great.
Shaks.

Pu'rsuit.

In pùrsuit of the thing we would have stay.
Shaks. Sonnet 143.

Sepu'lchre (verb).

Go to my lady's grave and call her's thence,
Or, at the least, in her's sepùlchre thine.
Shaks. Two Gent.

Warlike.

To their night watches in warlike parade.
Par. Lost, IV, 780.

Such are a few of the striking differences between ancient and modern accentuation. Many others might be collected by an attentive and general reader. The present selection will be sufficient to prove the assertion.

What then are the characteristical qualities of that accent which gives eminence to one letter in a monosyllable, or to one syllable in every polysyllabical word of the English language, is the question now offered to our consideration. On first view it may seem that the answer should be readily suggested by the ear, and it may appear strange that a matter so open to the observation of every day, and almost every moment, should be a matter of dispute. Still stranger, however, surely must seem the question, What is the difference between the accent, tone or pitch of the voice, used in uttering a syllable, and the quantity or time employed in uttering it? or, are they not the same thing? or, if not absolutely the same thing, are they not so blended and confounded in the nature of modern speech, that to distinguish them is no longer possible? Upon a just investigation of these points, it would be found that the parts concurring to constitute that small, and it might seem simple thing, a syllable, are so many, so different, so minute, and so implicated, that when fully and fairly exhibited, it would not perhaps appear wonderful if the critics and disputants have, some overlooked, and others avoided the labour necessary to such an analysis as alone could obviate mistake about them.

Upon this field of critical discussion, the most conspicuous, and perhaps the most skilful of modern combatants, are Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Walker; the former asserting that accent has reference only to quantity, not to quality, and that of course the accented syllable is only louder, and not higher than the other syllables; the latter maintaining that accent relates to quality, not to quantity, to tone or tune, not to strength. This opinion coinciding with that of I believe a considerable majority both of ancient and modern critics, and proceeding from a man who, from his acuteness of investigation and strength of talents, is now generally and justly considered an oracle with respect to pronunciation, I shall proceed in the discussion of the subject, under the adoption of the system advocated by him; the greater part of English writers on accentuation having considered the eminent syllable in English speech as principally distinguished by acuteness of tone: for though variation of force in speech might suffice for expression, which however may be doubted, yet variation of tone is essential towards adding

the grace of melody. The truth is, that to give eminence to an accent, a strengthened enunciation is necessary. But, the eminent accent of words, in English speech, with superior force, has also, by the indispensable law of that speech, a higher tone, and is what has been most commonly called, an *acute accent*. Without variety of tone, or in musical phrase, without various notes, though there might be measure, there could be no melody in speech. It would therefore be highly injurious to our language to hold that the accent of English words derives its character from force of utterance only.

But it will be obvious to all acquainted with English speech, that the longer polysyllables have more than one distinguishing accent. One indeed is always predominant; superior in force, higher in tone: it is properly called by way of eminence, the principal accent, or, even simply the accent. By its situation in the word, the situation and the comparative eminence of inferior accents is directed. In trisyllables, if the middle syllable be accented, neither of the others has a distinguished character; they will be equally grave, or what is called *unaccented*. But if the first have the accent, the third will be more distinguished than the second; it will be louder and sharper, as in the words *e'nerg'y*, *co'nfide'nt*. If the last have the accent, the first will be more distinguished than the second, as in re'fug'ee, co'nfida'nt. In both cases, the middle syllable will have the lowest tone, as well as the least forcible tone. In words of four syllables, there will still be but two of distinguished accent, as otherwise two acute or strong accents would meet in one word, which the genius of English pronunciation forbids. Under this restriction, words of five syllables may have three, or only two distinguishing accents, and words of multiplied syllables more in proportion, called *secondary* accents. But more of this hereafter.

That, in every syllable, of every language, some *tone*, *accent*, or *pitch* of the voice, must accompany articulation, is as evidently of natural necessity, as that some portion of time must be employed in it. It is very obvious then, that in the English language, every word not monosyllabical has one syllable always made eminent by a distinguishing tone or accent. This syllable is often called the *accented syllable*, and its tone the accent; and the other syllables in contradistinction are called *unaccented;* a mode of speaking, which, if it have any occasional conveniency, may perhaps be allowed, provided it be always remembered that the terms are so used, by a license of speech, to signify the more and the less eminent accentuation; accent or tone being that, some mode and degree of which must always coëxist; that is, must always be among the impressions made by the voice upon the ear, with every syllable uttered.

Among foreign modern languages, the general character of the accentuation in the Italian, the Spanish, and the modern Greek, is the same as in the English. In all these, and I believe I might add the Portuguese, the German, and those of the same origin with the German, one syllable, of every two or more in one word, is made eminent by its tone. We are well assured that, so far at least, the accentuation of the ancient Greek and Latin, agreed with that of these modern languages. It may be important then to observe, on account of the more extensive familiarity with the French than with any other foreign speech, in our country, and still much more throughout Europe, particularly on the continent, that the French language differs in this from all others. The French grammarians and critics universally hold, that no syllable of any word in their language is entitled to any characteristical accent. It is not here meant, that no syllable, in French polysyllabical words, is ever, in proper French pronunciation, made eminent by force of utterance; but only that no one syllable is, in French, as in the other European languages, constantly entitled to such preëminence. Hence a consequence, obvious to those who have had any opportunity for observation is, that the accentuation of all the other European languages has peculiar difficulties for the French people. That of our own, in particular, little among the difficulties for an Italian learning our speech, is to a Frenchman, after boyhood, in general unattainable. The French are, above all other foreigners, distinguished among us, by what is commonly called, and properly enough, a foreign accent.

In some languages, different accentual marks regulate not only the tone or modulation of the voice, but also supply the place of our sentential stops.

The Greeks have three grammatical accents, viz. the *acute* accent (') which shows the tone of the voice is to be raised; the *grave* accent (`) which marks a depression of voice; and the *circumflex* accent (^ or ~) which is composed of both the acute and the grave, and points out a kind of undulation of the voice. The Latins have made the same use of these three accents. The Hebrews have a grammatical, a rhetorical, and a musical accent, placed sometimes above and sometimes below the syllable; thus serving not only to regulate the risings and fallings of the voice, but to distinguish the sections and periods in a discourse, and to answer the same purposes with the points in other languages. The tonic accents are essentially necessary to the Jews, as they may be said to sing, rather than to read their language.

The use of accents is remarkable in some of the eastern languages, particularly the Siamese and the Chinese. Among the people of China every word, or, what is the same thing syllable, admits of five accents;

and thus stands for many different things. The union of the two letters, *ya*, according to the accent fixed on them, signifies *God*, a *wall*, *excellent*, *stupidity*, and a *goose*. Their talking is a kind of music or singing. Hence the great difficulty of their language to foreigners. If they deviate ever so little from the true accent, they say quite a different thing from what was intended. Thus, meaning to compliment the person you are talking to, with the title of *sir*, you call him a *beast*, with the same word, only a little varied in the tone.

The Siamese have also a great variety of accent.

But the English, having no more than one accent, have only one mark in writing to point it out, viz. the acute accent of the Greeks (') which is universally adopted.

Accent is either *principal* or *secondary*.

The *principal* accent is that which necessarily distinguishes one syllable in a word from the rest. The secondary accent is that which we may occasionally place on another syllable besides that which has the principal accent, in order to pronounce every part of the word more distinctly, forcibly, and harmoniously: thus *privateer*, *domineer*, *caravan*, have an accent on the first, as well as on the last syllable, though a somewhat less forcible one. The same may be observed of *violin*, *repartee*, *complaisant*, *referee*, &c.

In accenting words, care should be taken to avoid all affected deviations from common usage. There is the greatest occasion for this precaution, as a rule has been arbitrarily and injudiciously introduced upon this subject by some superficial orthoëpists, which has no foundation either in the structure of the English language, or in the principles of harmony, viz. that in words consisting of more than two syllables, the accent should be thrown as far back as possible. This rule has occasioned much pedantic and irregular pronunciation, and has perhaps introduced all the uncertainty which attends the accentuation of several English words.

Accent generally dwells with greatest force and propriety, on that part of the word, which from its importance, the hearer has always the greatest occasion to observe; and this is necessarily the root or body of the word. But, as harmony of termination frequently attracts the accent from the root to the branches of the word, so the first and most natural law of accentuation seems to operate less in fixing the accent than any other. Accent seems to be regulated in a great measure by etymology, and a regard to the classical laws of the different languages from which words are derived. In words of the Saxon, the accent is generally on the root: in words from the learned languages, particularly the Latin and Greek, of which there are many, it is generally on the termination. And if to these we add the different accents we lay on

some words, to distinguish them from others, we seem to have three great principles of accentuation; the *radical*, the *terminational*, and the *distinctive:* the radical, as lóve, lóvely, lóveliness; the terminational, as harmony', harmoníous; the distinctive, as a cónvert, to convért.

Dissyllables have necessarily one of them accented, and but one. The word *Amen*, is the only word which is pronounced with two accents, when alone. Dissyllables formed by affixing a termination, have generally the former syllable accented, as chíldish, faírer, kíngdom.

Dissyllables formed by prefixing a syllable to the radical word, have commonly the accent on the latter; as to retúrn, to besee'm.

Dissyllables, which have two vowels that are separated in the pronunciation, have always the accent on the first syllable; as líon, rúin, ríot, except the word *create*.

As words increase in syllables the more easily is their accent known. Trisyllables formed by adding a termination, or prefixing a syllable, retain the accent of the radical word; as, lóveliness, ténderness, contémner, cómmenting, commending, assúrance.

Trisyllables which have in the middle syllable a diphthong, as endeavour, or a vowel before two consonants, as doméstic, accent the middle syllable.

Trisyllables which have the accent on the last syllable, are commonly French, as magazíne, reparteé, acquiésce; or they are words, formed by prefixing one or two syllables to a short syllable; as, immatúre, overchárge.

When the true accent of dissyllables is known, those polysyllables, whose terminations are perfectly English, have likewise their accent invariably settled.

These rules respecting accent, are a few of the most essential; others may be obtained from Lowth, Johnson, Murray, Walker, and other writers upon grammar.

Of accent, as well as of spelling, and of idiom, there is a standard in every polite nation; and in all these particulars, the example of approved authors, and the practice of those, who by their rank, education, and way of life, have had the best opportunities to know men and manners, and domestic and foreign literature, ought undoubtedly to possess considerable influence. Hence *that* accent and *that* pronunciation is generally in every country accounted the best, which is used in the metropolis, by the most polite and learned persons. Yet every language has some peculiar, essential, general rules. For the Latin those rules were very few and simple; for the Greek more various. The accentuation of English speech also is not without its laws, of which Dr. Samuel Johnson, in his grammar prefixed to his dictionary,

has given a collection, in which, however, there prevails a considerable degree of irregularity.

The fluctuation of our language, both with respect to the signification of words and the accentuation of them, is a subject of general and just lamentation. Frequent and strenuous exertions have been made to correct this evil, but they have hitherto proved ineffectual. It should, however, always be considered by classical scholars and literary men as an indispensable duty to oppose such innovations as violate the prosody, and consequently destroy the harmony of our best poets, who should always be considered as an authority sufficiently high to be appealed to as a standard.

The foregoing observations upon that important principle of correct pronunciation, *Accent*, have engaged so much of your time and attention this evening, that I must reserve those upon emphasis as the subject of my next lecture.

SMITH'S NARRATIVE.

The capture of Major Andre was an event so important in the American revolution, and his fate was so generously deplored even by his enemies, that every account of the transaction which led to it, must be interesting. The following notice of a new work on this subject, which we extract from a late British Review, will, therefore, be read with interest, making proper allowances for the *opinions*, *prejudices* and *situation* of Mr. Smith.

An authentic Narrative of the causes which led to the death of major Andre, adjutant-general of his majesty's forces in North America. By Joshua Hett Smith, Esq. counsellor at law, late member of the convention of the state of New-York. To which is added, a Monody on the death of major Andre. By Miss Seward.

THE author of this narrative was supposed by the Americans to have been an agent of general Arnold, and upon the apprehension of major Andre, and the escape of Arnold, was arrested and tried on a charge of treason. Circumstances, no doubt, were strongly against him; but, if we credit this relation, and we can see no reason for disputing the author's veracity, he was very innocently engaged in the communications between Andre and the American general. Of this

trial, and his defence, Mr. Smith gives a full and particular account; as well as of his escape from America, which was attended with many very interesting circumstances. As soon as it was discovered he had broke prison, the most diligent search was made to discover him. "Parties," says the author, "were sent in different directions from the four roads that led from the jail; but on their return without success, it was concluded I must be secreted in the town, among the king's friends, who were by far the most numerous and respectable of the inhabitants. On the evening of the third day, before my good protectress had any hint of the measure, a young lady came hastily to her, and informed her, that a few hours ago her father's house had been searched, and she heard the party say, they should next take the road where my good friend lived; she instantly came to me with the intelligence, and advised my leaving the place where I was for another more secure, which was a hollow between two stacks of chimnies; this I did not approve of, as the place had a suspicious appearance, and seemed to me calculated for a hiding place. I therefore observed, that as it was near the evening, I would go out to the woods, and return when dark; I had scarcely mentioned my resolution, when the young lady called to her, and said the guards were very near the house; when instantly snatching up one of the blankets, I stept lightly down the stairs, she following with the other blanket: we heard the tramp of a number of steps in the piazza; I immediately made to the back door, and crept under a small hencoop; she hastily threw her blanket over it, and, turning round, met the party coming in at the front door. My protectress being a suspected person, from the reasons I have already mentioned, her house was searched with great care; and the young lady afterwards informed me, that in the very hole where she wished me to secrete myself, they thrust their bayonets and pikes; so that had I been there, I must, inevitably, have been put to death! The house being thoroughly searched, they proceeded to the barn, stables, and even the pigsty; and, passing the hencoop, under which I was concealed, they were about to take off the blanket, when my protectress exclaimed, "For God's sake do not hurt my poor chickens;" on which they went into the house, and I could hear them distinctly charge her with the knowing where I was: alarmed, lest her fears might overcome her fortitude, I immediately crept out, and made the best of my way to an adjoining wood, under the cover of darkness, which had commenced.

"Having reached the wood, I was involved in doubt what course to take; to go back did not seem prudent, as on my return, some soldiers might be left as a guard: it now began to rain, and fortunately a large hollow tree afforded me a shelter from its rage. A variety of conflicting passions agitated my mind; for that very night a person was to come and bring me clothing, and take me part of my way to New-York, upwards of eighty miles. To omit profiting by this chance, I knew, would be imprudent; and the person I expected had promised to assist me, and possessed my most unlimited confidence. At length it occurred to me that the lady, from whose house I had just escaped, had a relation about five miles distant: I knew him to be a kind, friendly man, to whom I could commit myself with safety. Thither, therefore, I determined to proceed; and when in the main road, I thought I could easily reach his house. I travelled all night; it rained during the whole time; and my feet being tender, from the distressing and unusual state in which I was placed, I made but little progress, especially along a slaty and rocky country. When I had walked a considerable distance I halted, intending to wait for the dawn of day; thus advancing slow-

ly, I seated myself on a rock, faint, fatigued, and lacerated with briars, and passed my time in lamenting the hard fate which my civility to a stranger had entailed upon me.

"On the approach of day I saw something like a house, and the appearance of light; I advanced towards it:—the reader will here again form some faint idea of my sensations, when I found the spot was near the gibbet, and the house I had descerned the jail, whence I had escaped in the dark. I had lost my road, and in my bewildered state of mind, had the whole night been wandering back again, over the same ground!! Afflicted, dismayed, and almost exhausted, I had no other alternative than to return to the place whence I had last escaped; and now gave up all for lost! It was, however, fortunate that I had not far to go, the day-light rapidly advanced; and I omitted no time in regaining the good woman's house, having the main road before me; and being equally fortunate in not meeting a single traveller, or my forlorn appearance must have attracted notice, and perhaps have led to a discovery.

"I observed, on my approach, that there was light in the house, and once more assuming courage, fortified by hope, I ventured to tap gently at a window whence the light appeared, and, in a minute the door was opened for my reception. My female friend informed me, that the party, who had been there the preceding day, were not satisfied with their first search, but insisted on making another by candle-light, which they did, and even commanded her to open every closet, chest, and trunk, declaring their authority to confine her, unless she declared where I was; and that one of them even went again to the chicken-coop, under which I had been concealed, and thrust his bayonet into various parts of it. She said it was well I overheard the conversation, and resolved to withdraw; and she consoled me by saying, I now had nothing to fear, as they had gone away perfectly satisfied. I mentioned my attempt to reach the residence of her relation for shelter, and I had the pleasure to learn that there I should have been safe; but it was providential that I missed my way, for a large party of continental troops were encamped not far from his house, and I must have passed them before I could arrive at it.

"Combining all these circumstances, which appeared so providential, I was led, independent of the fatigue I had just passed through, to take some rest in my former birth, with renewed ground to encourage hope.

"My friend had promised to be with me the following night, but when that came I was sorely disappointed. Through a chink in the place of my retreat, I could see the members of the court, judge, jury, and all, pass and repass; and, indeed, I was every moment in dread of being discovered, and brought back to my old quarters. In this situation I continued, however, five days, under the most painful apprehensions.

"However opinions may vary as to the justice of Washington, in executing major Andre as a spy, the public will peruse with strong interest, *a Narrative of the causes which led to his Death*, from the pen of the gentleman, who was commissioned to conduct the unfortunate major from the Vulture to the interview, which he had with general Arnold, at Mr. Smith's house. The two officers were alone the greater part of the day. Towards the evening Arnold came to my house, and proposed that I should convey Mr. Anderson back to the Vulture, which had nearly regained her former situation; he saw, however, from the state of sickness under which I then laboured, with a fit of the ague

upon me, that I was unable to gratify him; on which he proposed my accompanying him part of his way on his return to New-York, by land, as soon as my health would permit, on the removal of the ague fit; to which I made no objection, as, when better, it would be in my way to visit and bring my family home from Fish Kill, being obliged to cross the river for that purpose. He soon after returned, and told me a difficulty had occurred, of which he was not before apprized; for that Anderson had come on shore in a military dress, which he had borrowed, from pride or vanity, from an officer of his acquaintance at New-York: that as it would be impossible for him to travel in that uniform, he requested the loan of one of my coats. Being nearly of my size, I lent him a coat: the other part of his dress, he said, did not require change. General Arnold then proposed returning to his command at West Point, leaving Mr. Anderson very disconsolate with me. I endeavoured to amuse him by showing him the prospect from the upper part of my house, whence there was an extensive view over the capacious bay of Haverstraw, to the opposite shore; he cast an anxious look towards the Vulture, and with a heavy sigh wished he was on board. I endeavoured to console him by the hope of his being at the White Plains, or New-York, before her. Finding himself better, I promised to accompany him on his way. I could not help remarking to him, that I thought the general might have ordered a flag of truce from Stony Point, to have returned him to the Vulture, without the fatigue of his going to the White Plains, that appearing a circuitous route, unless he had business to transact at that place. From this time he seemed shy, and desirous to avoid much conversation; he continued to urge preparations for his departure, and carefully avoided being seen by persons that came to the house.

"Previous to his quitting it, general Arnold had prepared a passport for him to go to the White Plains, and a flag of truce for me to go thither and return. Finding myself better, and refreshed with the rest I had taken, I ordered my servant to get the horses in readiness, and we reached the ferry at Stony Point before it was dark, intending, if the weather should be fine, to proceed as far as major de la Van's that night, at a place called Crum Pond, the distance of about eight or ten miles from the ferry, where I knew we should be well entertained, and take the dawn of the morning to proceed with more satisfaction. Between my house and the fort at Stony Point, our conversation was principally about the taking and retaking of that place; I found my fellow-traveller very backward in giving any opinion, or saying much about it. We were met on the road by several officers belonging to this post, with whom we conversed very freely, and stopped at the sutler's at the ferry to drink with them. When we arrived on the opposite side, we rode up to the tent of colonel Livingston, the commanding officer at Verplank's Point; I being well acquainted with him, he having served his clerkship and studied the law with my brother, the late chief justice of Canada, and being also a relation of Mrs. Smith; he pressed us to stay to supper with him, but this Mr. Anderson seemed desirous to decline. As we proceeded, I thought he grew more cheerful, and as our road became better, we rode on with an increased speed, and had reached about five or six miles when we were challenged by a patrole party. On advancing, the commanding officer, a captain Bull, demanded a countersign before we should pass, and drew his corps about us; he inquired who we were, the reason of our travelling in the night, and whence we came? I told him who I was, and that we had passports from general Arnold, the commanding officer at West

Point, which we had received from the general that day; that we were on the public service, on business of the highest import, and that he would be answerable for our detention one moment; he insisted on seeing the passports, and conducted us to a house in the vicinity where there was a light. On approaching the house Mr. Anderson* seemed very uneasy; but I cheered him up by saying our papers would carry us to any part of the country to which they were directed, and that no person dare presume to detain us. When we came to the light I presented the passports, which satisfied the captain; but he seemed better pleased when I told him I intended to quarter that night at major de la Van's, who, he said, was a stanch friend to the cause of his country, would treat us well, and render every aid in his power that tended to promote the welfare of America: he soon began to be more pleased, and in the most impressive manner entreated us not to proceed one inch further in the night, as it was very dangerous, for the Cow Boys had been out the preceding night, and had done much mischief, by carrying off cattle, and some of the inhabitants as prisoners. Alarmed at this intelligence, I was hesitating what to do, when my companion expressed his wish to proceed; but the captain suggested many prudential reasons why he would not advise our progress at night. He particularly remarked that we had little chance of defending ourselves against both parties then out, as he had heard them firing some little time before he met us. All this determined me to take the captain's advice, which seemed to direct the surest step for our safety. I accordingly returned a short distance, to look for night quarters, and my companion reluctantly followed.

"With no small difficulty we therefore returned several miles, and gained admittance into a house for the night; while such was the caution and danger of admitting nocturnal inmates, that we were obliged to take to bed, or keep the family up, who would not retire until they saw us safely lodged. We slept in the same bed; and I was often disturbed with the restless motions, and uneasiness of mind exhibited by my bed-fellow, who, on observing the first approach of day, summoned my servant to prepare the horses for our departure. He appeared in the morning as if he had not slept an hour during the night; he at first was much dejected, but a pleasing change took place in his countenance when summoned to mount his horse.

"We rode very cheerfully towards Pine's Bridge without interruption, or any event that excited apprehension; here I proposed to leave my companion; but I observed that the nearer we approached the bridge, the more his countenance brightened into a cheerful serenity, and he became very affable; in short, I now found him highly entertaining; he was not only well informed in general history, but well acquainted with that of America, particularly New-York, which he termed the residuary legatee of the British government (for it took all the remaining lands not granted to the proprietary and chartered provinces). He had consulted the Muses as well as Mars, for he conversed freely on the belles lettres: music, painting, and poetry seemed to be his delight. He displayed a judicious taste in the choice of the authors he had read, possessed great elegance of sentiment, and a most pleasing manner of conveying his ideas, by adopting the powerful colouring of poetical imagery. He lamented the causes which gave birth to and continued the war, and said, if there was a correspondent temper on

* The name assumed by major Andre.

the part of the Americans, with the prevailing spirit of the British ministry, peace was an event not far distant; he intimated that measures were then in agitation for the accomplishment of that desirable object, before France could establish her perfidious designs. He sincerely wished the fate of the war could alone be determined in the fair, open, field contest, between as many British in number as those under the command of count Rochambeau at Rhode-Island, whose effective force he seemed clearly to understand; he descanted on the richness of the scenery around us, and particularly admired, from every eminence, the grandeur of the Highland mountains, bathing their lofty summits in the clouds from their seeming watery base at the north extremity of Haverstraw Bay. The pleasantry of converse, and mildness of the weather, so insensibly beguiled the time, that we at length found ourselves at the bridge, before I thought we had got half the way; and I now had reason to think my fellow-traveller a different person from the character I had at first formed of him. This bridge crosses Croton river, a branch of the Hudson.

"I pointed out to him the road to the White Plains, whither his passport enabled him to go, or lower if he thought proper, he being on public business, as was mentioned in his pass; but he thought the road by the way of Dobbs' ferry, having the river as his guide, would be much the nearest route; having a good horse, he boldly ventured to take that road: had not proceeded more than six miles, when he was stopped by three of the New-York militia, John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Vert, who with others, were on a scouting party, between the outposts of the two armies. These men stopped major Andre at a place near Tarry, and seized his horse by the bridle in a narrow part of the road. Andre, instead of immediately producing his pass, asked where they belonged to? They answered, "*to below.*" Not suspecting deception, he replied, "*So do I,*" AND DECLARING HIMSELF A BRITISH OFFICER, THAT HE MIGHT NOT BE DETAINED, being on pressing business! The law of the state gave to the captors of any British subject, all his property, and, of course, his horse, saddle, and bridle, were in the first instance a temptation to stop him on the least ground for suspicion, while he being alone, they were the more bold against an *unarmed* man. Finding himself thus taken by surprise, and detained, he offered a very valuable gold watch; this led to farther suspicion: upon which they took him aside in the bushes and searched him, until they found his papers lodged in his boots. Another circumstance of suspicion was the coat I had lent him, which was crimson, with vellum button-holes, bound with Prussian binding. The captors then conducted him to lieutenant-colonel Jameson, a continental officer, who had the command of about nine hundred men, mostly militia. When major Andre was brought before him, he passed under the the name of Anderson, choosing to hazard the greatest danger rather than let any discovery be made which could involve Arnold, before he had time to provide for his safety. With this view, to effect Arnold's escape, he requested that a line might be written to him, to acquaint him with Anderson's detention, which Jameson granted. The papers which were so found in the major's pocket-book, were in Arnold's hand-writing, and contained exact returns of the state of the forces, ordnance, and defences, at West Point and its dependencies, with the artillery orders, critical remarks on the works, an estimate of the number of men that were ordinarily on duty to defend them, and a copy of a state of affairs that had been laid before a council of war, by the commander in chief, on the 6th of the month. These papers

were enclosed in a packet to general Washington, accompanied with a letter from major Andre, avowing himself to be the adjutant-general of the British army, and was forwarded by Jameson."

These extracts will be sufficient to show that the reader is not to expect to find in this volume a mere dry detail of military and political events, but a relation of interesting facts drawn up with much simplicity, and bearing every appearance of truth. The following is his account of major Andre's death:

"At length the awful period arrived; and on the morning of the 2d of October, this unhappy victim of the errors of others, was led out to the place of execution. As he passed along, the American army were astonished at the dignity of his deportment, and the manly firmness and complacency of countenance, which spoke the serene composure of his mind; a glow of sympathy pervaded the breasts of the soldiers, and tears of sensibility were visible in every eye. He bowed himself, with a smile, to all he knew in his confinement. When he approached the fatal spot, and beheld the preparations, he stopped, and paused, as if absorbed in reflection; then quickly turning to the officer next him, he said—'What! must I die in this manner?' Being told it was so ordered, he instantly said, 'I am reconciled, and submit to my fate, but deplore the mode; it will be but a momentary pang:' and with a calmness that, while it excited the admiration, melted the heart of every spectator, performed the last offices to himself. He then requested that all around him would bear witness to the world, 'THAT HE DIED LIKE A BRAVE MAN!' He perished universally esteemed and lamented; indeed a general sorrow at his fate pervaded all ranks of people through the continent of America."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE INQUIRER.——No. I.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I AM highly gratified that Philadelphia can boast of one periodical publication conducted on a liberal plan, and free from religious controversy, and the muddy streams of party and factious discussions. I propose to avail myself occasionally of this vehicle, to call upon some of your correspondents for solutions of literary doubts and difficulties that occur in the course of my reading, and shall regard myself as under considerable obligation to such of them as will furnish satisfactory solutions.

—

COLLIER ON RIDICULE.

I have in my possession an extremely valuable work, called "Reflections on Ridicule, or what it is that makes a man ridiculous, with

the best means to avoid it: wherein are represented the different manners and characters of the present age. By Jeremiah Collier, A. M. seventh edition, Dublin, anno 1764."

Every time I peruse this book I discover new beauties. The sketches of characters are exquisitely drawn by a most masterly hand. The admonitions against incurring ridicule are the most just and profound: and the moral precepts are founded upon good sense, and a knowledge of the world. But there is hardly a page that does not bear the stamp of the French idiom, so fully that I cannot persuade myself it is other than a translation from the French. Yet it is announced in the title and preface, as an original work.

Among other expressions of the above description, the word "agreements," is used in fifty places for charms, or accomplishments, which surely must be a translation; as it is nowhere in any other English work applied in the same sense. There are, moreover, innumerable references to French manners, French customs, and French characters.

I wish therefore to be informed whether this is ascertained to be a translation; and if so, from what work.

—

Cassada Tree.

The contradictory qualities of the Cassada Tree, as stated in Staunton's Embassy, are perhaps the most extraordinary of any in the whole range of Natural History. The root is said to be salutary food. Yet the juice expressed from the root is deadly poison. And, still more to heighten our wonder, and to show the sports of madam Nature, the sediment from the juice is said to be the tapioca. Can any of your correspondents state whether this account partakes of the traveller's privilege of rodomontading?

—

Slaves.

Russel, in his history of Modern Europe, states, that among the principal English exports, during the domination of the Anglo Saxons, were slaves. I wish to know how long this traffic was carried on? And, in what mode were these slaves acquired?

—

Brydone's Tour.

A more agreeable book than Brydone's Tour cannot easily be found. I have, however, heard it confidently asserted by a literary character, that it is an absolute fabrication; and, like Damberger's Travels, made by a Grub-street garetteer, who had never visited either Sicily or Malta. Can this assertion be true?

CAMPBELL'S INDIA.

Campbell's India I have read with wonder. Some parts of it appear absolutely incredible. But there are certificates annexed to the book, that finally removed my doubts respecting its authenticity. I was nevertheless lately assured that it was the production of Mr. Carpenter, who published a paper in Charleston, and in New-York. On this point, I request information.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THOUGH Natural History, strictly speaking, comprehends the whole animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, or is, in other words, a History of Nature; yet, it is seldom so generally applied, and is frequently confined to Botany and Zoology; sometimes to the latter alone. It is, of all human knowledge, the most sublime, because it exhibits the *power*, and introduces us, as it were, into the *presence*, of OMNIPOTENCE. It is the most instructive, because it unfolds his goodness, wisdom, and perfections. It is also the most delightful, from its inexpressible beauty, vastness, and variety. The first lessons of infancy should be learnt from the pages of this magnificent volume, as the plainest, the most easily comprehended, striking, and impressive; perpetually inspiring the highest conceptions of the Creator; and animating us with the purest spirit of devotion. Our amazement increases on every fresh survey, and we exclaim in the rapturous language of the poet:

> "These are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good!
> "Almighty! thine this universal frame;
> "Thus wond'rous fair, thyself how wond'rous then!
> "Unspeakable!"

If then the objects of creation, which surround us, are capable of producing such effects, when beheld even in a general way, how must every sensation of wonder, awe, and devotion be increased, when we contemplate them more closely, and individually; when we consider their conformation, instincts, peculiarities, uses; their secret connexion, and reciprocity of dependence on each other; as forming one immense chain of created beings, emanating from, and upheld by one

Great, Incomprehensible, Self-existent, Eternal! We there discover such unity of design, such beneficence, grandeur, order, and harmony, as cannot fail, not only of forming our minds to virtue, but of instilling into it the principles, and laying the foundation of *true taste*, in every art that is great, excellent, or praiseworthy.

For these reasons, there are no literary productions of the present day, whose appearance I so cordially welcome as well-written books on Natural History; but, sorry I am to say, that my congratulations on this head, particularly as respects the objects of our own country, are so rarely excited, as almost to induce the melancholy belief that this divine study is in danger of being entirely abandoned, and superseded by the rage for incongruous and idle Novels; the insatiable greed of gain, and the noisy discord of distracting politics. Three hundred years have passed away since the first settlement of this country; and twenty millions of its inhabitants have descended to the tomb, without leaving, in this department of Science, one eminently distinguished vestige behind them. Yet every thing around invites to the pursuit; but invites in vain. Numbers of the finny race, that tenant our lakes, seas, and rivers, and many of the feathered tribes that warble in our woods, are totally unknown to us; and though the periodical appearance and departure of others, be as regular and uniform, as the Seasons, yet they never excite in us a single inquiry. They come, we know not whence; exist, we know not how; and go, we know not whither. The air swarms with insects, with which we are totally unacquainted; though the safety of our crops, and the protection of our people, from famine, have, at times, nearly depended on a knowledge of the subject. Multitudes of plants vegetate in our extensive regions, whose very forms have never met our eye; though many of them might probably be highly important as food or medicine to man; even the earth, on which we tread, encloses treasures that we will not be at the trouble or expense of searching for, till they force themselves on our view; contenting ourselves with the same superficial scratching of the surface, with those who went before us; and sending, at a vast accumulation of risk, expense and national dependence, to a distant country for those very supplies, which nature has bountifully scattered at our ungrateful feet. These assertions, my countrymen, are not merely declamatory; neither are they meant to give offence; but to rouse in your bosoms a love and ambition to excel in these most useful and virtuous studies. Every enlightened nation of Europe has become, as it ought to be, the proper historian of its own natural productions; while *we* have sat down satisfied, ingloriously satisfied, to receive from France, Britain, or Germany, an account of the productions of our

own streams, our own fields and forests; and to swallow as facts the crude suggestions of foreign pride, ignorance, and prejudice.

As I propose, in my succeeding numbers, to make application for information to those readers of The Port Folio, who may be disposed to give it, on some subjects of the Natural History of the United States, so I mean not to impose on others, what I would be unwilling to engage in myself. I will, therefore, add example to precept, and shall, from time to time, communicate through the same medium, such interesting particulars of some of our American animals, insects, birds, fishes, plants, minerals, &c., as are either new or not generally known; and which, in numerous extensive tours through the territories of the United States, I have been enabled to collect.

W.

OF CRITICISM——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Oldschool,

The sun of Genius seldom breaks forth with resplendent lustre in the high heaven of invention, but some untimely cloud of carping calumny, or critical clamor, rises to darken its disk, and intercept its glories from the eyes of an admiring word.

About the middle of the last century the reputation of Pope, which had until then, shone forth with the dazzling ray of originality, suffered dim eclipse, from the malignant curiosity or the eagle-eyed acuteness of the variously erudite Joe Warton. The famed Milton, shortly after, was for a moment overshadowed by the murky wing of literary envy, raised by the arts and the impudence of the base-born Lauder. And even the giant Warburton has in our own day, been accused of having erected the colossal trophies of literary triumph upon the pilfered fragments of the labours of Vandale and Memsius.

The great weapon which the pigmies of Literature ever wield against the indestructible monuments of the fathers of Science, and of song, is the charge of *plagiarism.*

But the legitimate critic is not now to learn that Genius ennobles whatever it touches; and that Virgil, when he raked in the dunghill of Eriarius, had the prescriptive right of discovery to the possession and the use of any gem, which chance might have deposited, or culture created in that humble soil.

The lay of Moore which has often waked to vibration, each corresponding string of harmony, in every soul not "dull and dead" to all the melody of mind, has yet, as often roused the envy of those vulgar souls which wait with malignant gaze to triumph in the fall of Genius, what time

——his venturous spirit loves to urge
The labouring theme to Reason's utmost verge;
Kindling and mounting from the enraptur'd sight,
While anxious Wonder eyes his daring flight.

Every scholar must have been delighted with that felicitous introduction of classical or mythological allusion, which dignifies and decorates that sportive and vigorous offspring of Bacchus, and the gayest of the Muses, the Anacreontic glee of "Oh fly not yet."

We allude with peculiar emphasis to those lines; lines which even now tingle in our ear:

Fly not yet, the fount that played,
In times of old through ——— shade;
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still like souls of mirth began,
To burn when night was near.

It may perhaps gratify the puny malice of little minds to be informed that this allusion however happy, is not derived from the original of the elder Pliny, but was borrowed with all the licentious audacity of Genius, from the thrice laboured poetry of the younger Warton.

This University Bard satirizing the nocturnal excesses of a high blooded votary of fashionable frivolity, says that Hippias' blood,

Like ——— fount by day ran icy cool,
At night as hot as Hell's sulphureous pool.

Every reader of classic taste will readily perceive that the nectareous "rill of song," which flows thus sweetly from the pen of the British Anacreon, although not drawn immediately from the undefiled well of antiquity, has, by filtration through the mind of Moore, become defecated from all the turbid impurities of Warton.

P———.

New-York, May 27th, 1809.

One of the best critics of North Britain, a poet and a prose writer too of very splendid powers thus defends Gray. We know not whether the latter has ever found a more eloquent apologist. EDITOR.

"I have heard the first ode in the world blamed for the boldness of its figures and for what the critic was pleased to call obscurity. He had, I suppose, formed his taste upon Anacreon and Waller, whose odes are, indeed, very simple, and would have been very absurd, if they had not been simple. But let us recollect the circumstances of Anacreon, considered as the speaker of his own poetry, and of Gray's Welch Bard. The former warbles his lays reclining on a bed of flowers, dissolved in tranquillity and indolence, while all his faculties seem to be engrossed by one or a few pleasurable objects. The latter, just escaped from the massacre of his brethren, under the complicated agitations of grief, revenge, and despair; and surrounded with the scenery of rocks, mountains, and torrents, stupendous by nature, and now rendered hideous by desolation, imprecates perdition upon the bloody Edward; and, seized with prophetic enthusiasm, foretells, in the most alarming strains, and typifies by the most dreadful images, the disasters that were to overtake his family and descendants. If perspicuity and simplicity be natural in the songs of Anacreon, as they certainly are, a figurative style and desultory composition are no less natural in this inimitable performance of Gray. If real prophecy must always be so obscure, as not to be fully understood till it is accomplished, because otherwise it would interfere with the free agency of man, that poem which imitates the style of prophecy, must also, if natural, be to a certain degree obscure; not indeed in the images or the words but in the allusions. It is in the allusions only, not in the words or images, for these are most emphatical and picturesque, that the poem partakes of obscurity; and even its allusions will hardly seem obscure to those who are acquainted with the history of England. Those critics, therefore, who find fault with this poem because it is not so simple as the songs of Anacreon, or the love verses of Shenstone and Waller, may as well blame Shakspeare, because Othello does not speak in the sweet and simple language of Desdemona. Horace has nowhere attempted a theme of such animation and sublimity as this of Gray; and yet Horace, like his master, Pindar, is often bold in his transitions, and in the style of many of his odes extremely figurative. But this we not only excuse, but applaud, when we consider, that in those odes the assumed character of the speaker is enthusiasm, which in all its operations is somewhat violent, and must, therefore give a peculiar vehemence both to thought and language."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSHOOL,

IN looking over some old papers, I discovered the enclosed account of an interesting interview, in which I partook, some years ago, with that great man, Dr. ROBERTSON, the illustrious Historian of his own and of our country. It is a circumstance which I have often repeated to my friends and acquaintance; but it is now, for the first time, offered to public notice. If you should consider it as entitled to a place in The Port Folio, it is at your service.

Your friend and humble servant,

New-York. J. M.

IMMEDIATELY preceding the death of this great man, several American gentlemen arrived at Edinburgh, on a tour which they were making through Great-Britain.* Having previously heard of the severe illness, under which he then laboured, they had taken no introductory letters to him; but finding him still living, they expressed to Mr. Balfour, an eminent bookseller, and one of the executors of Dr. R. their desire to see so distinguished a character.

Mr. Balfour had the kindness to state their wishes to Dr. Robertson, and he was pleased to express a desire to gratify them: he announced to them, through Mr. B. that on the first day, "when he should find himself well enough to see company at all, he would send for *the Americans.*"

To their great gratification, they received the summons, on the third day following. They repaired to his house, about a mile distant from Edinburgh, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. They were introduced into a drawingroom, and awaited about ten minutes, when he entered from an adjoining apartment.

His first salutation was (alluding to the circumstances under which their introduction was made) "you see, gentlemen, but the *wreck* of Dr. Robertson"!

He reclined upon a sofa; and aware of the embarrassment his visitors naturally felt, he introduced the conversation, commencing with inquiries as to the state of affairs in the United States, supposing that that subject would to them be most easy and familiar. He spoke of general Washington with enthusiasm. He said that governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, had early predicted to him, (Dr. R.) the eminent rise of general W. in public life. He spoke of Dr. Ewing, the Provost of

* Dr. D. Hosack, Mr. John Morton, and Mr. Childs, of New-York.

the University of Pennsylvania, as a man of great talents, for whom he entertained a great personal regard.

He inquired into the plans of the travellers; and finding that they had preferred a correct knowledge of Great-Britain before they went upon the continent of Europe, he highly approved them, as being directed to a country to which their own was so nearly assimilated in its laws, manners, and customs.

They enjoyed his conversation for about three quarters of an hour; when, finding him a good deal exhausted, they took their leave.

With the prospect of death immediately before him (his physicians had announced to him that he could live but a few days) he was, in that interview, as calm and collected as if many years were still to be his portion. His last words at parting were, "Do not forget to present my kind regards to Dr. Ewing."

On the arrival of the travellers at Dublin, fourteen days afterward, they received the intelligence of the death of this illustrious man!

EPISTOLARY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Bethlehem.

I AM always delighted with my visits to this place, and leave it with reluctance. The town is charmingly situated in a mountainous, healthy, and romantic country, upon one of the most beautiful rivers that our country can boast of. I take infinite pleasure in wandering upon the retired banks of the Lehigh, whose solemn, winding stream, and richly-shaded borders present a beautiful and secluded scene.

The society of brothers and sisters united in one common interest, and shut out from the noisy and busy pursuits of the world, offers a sublime and beautiful model of the perfection to which human nature may be elevated, when the petty passions and desires of our nature are subdued or properly controlled. The Moravians are a most benevolent and charitable set of people, and have an integrity and simplicity of manners, at the same time an honest and frank politeness that prepossesses us strongly in their favour.

Bethlehem is the spot for those who are disgusted with the vain pursuits of the world, and a retreat where those who are bowed down with the misfortunes incident to life, may find comfort and consolation

and live in calm resignation. The surrounding country is charming, and the neighbouring villages enliven the prospect. I have visited most of them, and particularly Nazareth, where you and I have passed many happy moments. The fond recollection of youthful pleasures, enjoyed while at school, rushes upon the mind. It was here that we received the rudiments of knowledge, and the first impression of piety and religion. As Memory throws her sunshine on the past, the many boyish amusements of our younger days, arising with renewed recollection, appear as actions of yesterday. The pleasure we took in receiving instruction from our amiable tutors, the amusements and plays in the moments of recreation, our delightful excursions to Bethlehem, the Blue mountains, &c. the little gardens we cultivated with such indefatigable labour and pleasure; the anxious joy with which we arose before break of day to receive our Christmas and Easter presents; the religious festivals, that occurred at stated periods; the fearful, the pleasing sensations, when summoned to attend our monthly confessions, when we reposed ourselves with unlimited confidence, in the bosom of our venerable and respectable President, acknowledged all our faults, promised amendment, and received his fatherly advice and benediction: the innocent celebration of our respective birth-days, and the playful and complimentary verses addressed to each other on these occasions, when we strove to outvie each other in the wit and beauty of our lines. I never shall forget the pleasure I experienced on the anniversary of my birth, when rising early in the morning, and entering the room, I observed these little testimonies of affection and esteem, upon my desk a pile of these verses, and my place decorated with the early flowers of Spring, my companions greeted me, and our amiable tutor advanced, took me by the hand, and congratulated me on having progressed one step more towards manhood. It was H——d, who has since become a celebrated Physician, and employed by the Holland Company, in the sultry and unhealthy climate of Batavia, has enlarged the delightful and charming Science of Botany; the manner of this one action was sufficient to leave a most favourable impression, but his uniform, affectionate, and tender conduct endeared us to him. All these scenes return with renewed pleasure, sometimes accompanied with a melancholy recollection of other circumstances, that is both pleasing and mournful to the soul. It was here that I first experienced the delights of generous friendship, and felt the first pangs of a separation from the objects of it, the day is still fresh in my memory, when C——s left us to return home, when I felt myself alone, and insulated, in the midst of my gay companions. Most of our acquaintances are scattered over the wide world: upon inquiring I found that many had gone to that country from whose bourne no traveller returns, others were

engaged in the busy and active pursuits of the world, and rising to eminence in their respective professions. This one a soldier, here a lawyer, a physician, a divine, a merchant, or a wealthy farmer. D——l lives here surrounded, with all the comforts and happiness that arises from domestic felicity and retirement, blessed in his amiable and lovely partner, and three smiling cherubs, the offspring of their union. I came unexpectedly upon them, and found them seated together, with their lovely infants playing around them, who flew into my arms, seeming to recognise me as a friend of their parents; I soon won their little hearts. We passed the evening in recalling times that are passed, and in talking over the adventures of his love, in which my friend represented himself sometimes as the sad emblem of despair, and again the happy picture of revived hope, as the goddess of his idolatry frowned or smiled. At parting I put into her hands those beautiful lines of Thomson, so applicable to their situation, which I had scribbled with my pencil:

"Happy they! the happiest of their kind!
"Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate,
"Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend."

She read them with satisfaction, and her eyes beamed upon her husband with inexpressible love.

I left this happy couple with regret at my own hapless fate, who am most unfortunately gifted by nature with proud, cold, and insensible feeling, that can never suffer me to become the willing happy slave of woman.

L——e, whom we all loved and esteemed for his amiable and engaging manners, became the melancholy victim of despair and hopeless love; scorned and rejected by the woman, whom he fondly hoped would become the friend of his heart, and consoler of its cares, he fell into a dull and gloomy habit of retirement; the world with all its pleasure to him, was a mere blank; he relinquished all his former companions and pursuits; for a while Reason maintained her sway; but possessed of the most keen and tender sensibility, he sunk under this misfortune; his strength of mind was broken, his early impressions of piety were destroyed, and in a moment of phrenzy and despair, he committed that most horrid of crimes, which in opposition to reason, virtue, and religion, violates the decrees of God and man: he fell by his own hands. As usual, the funeral rites were refused to this unfortunate young man, and he lies in a retired and sequestered corner of the wood, in which we have so often played together. I walked to his lonely and solitary tomb encircled with deep shaded cypress, and shed

a tear of regret and affection over our lost companion. Peace to his departed shade!

The unfortunate girl, who loved him, but tampered with his feelings, and trifled with his passion, discovered her folly and cruelty, when too late, and became the miserable object of delirious phrenzy. She wandered about desolate and forlorn; her form and countenance once so lovely and expressive, is now changed into the wan and withered figure of despair; her eyes once beaming intelligence and serenity, now gleam with the wild stare of madness; her hollow cheeks; her projecting features, and pallid, death-like complexion; her dishevelled hair; her hurried, and irregular step; the wild touching tones of her voice, while with frantic and incoherent words, she calls upon her Henry; mourns his untimely end; imprecates herself as the cause, and implores the Mercy of Heaven to avert the merited curses from her head. All these, mark her as the hopeless, irrecoverably lost maniac. I conversed with her until my feelings were wrought to the highest pitch; I offered assistance; I attempted to console, but all in vain; and I tore myself away in a state of mind, almost equal to her own.

H——r, who was gallant, gay, and generous, and possessed of a large fortune, entered as an officer in the Austrian army, and has risen to considerable rank; and S——d, whom I remember as a spritely mischievous boy, is here transformed into the sleek and rigid tutor; and I need scarcely recall to your remembrance our noble friend Jarvis, who lives in the memory of every American, who gloriously preferred certain death to an abandonment of his post while contending against the enemies of his country, and bravely kept his dangerous station in the main top of the Constellation, while fighting under the command of the gallant Truxtun. Even in his boyish plays he discovered that manly and generous spirit, which in after years, gained him the applause and regret of his countrymen, and the honourable resolve of Congress, so justly due to his memory.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

MRS. ELIZABETH FERGUSON.

MRS. ELIZABETH FERGUSON was the daughter of Dr. Thomas Greme, by Anne, the daughter of Sir William Keith, then governor of

Pennsylvania. Her father was a native of Scotland, and a graduate in medicine. For nearly half a century he maintained the first rank in his profession in the city of Philadelphia. He held, during a great part of this time, the office of collector of the port. Her mother possessed a masculine mind, with all those female charms and accomplishments which render a woman alike agreeable to both sexes. They had one son and three daughters, all of whom attained to the age of maturity. The subject of this memoir was the youngest of them. She discovered, in early life, signs of uncommon talents and virtues, both of which were cultivated with great care, and chiefly by her mother. Her person was slender, and her health delicate. The latter was partly the effect of native weakness, being a seven months' child, and partly acquired by too great application to books. She passed her youth in the lap of parental affection. A pleasant and highly-improved retreat, known by the name of Græme Park, in Montgomery county, twenty miles from Philadelphia, in which her parents spent their summers, afforded her the most delightful opportunities for study, meditation, rural walks, and pleasures, and, above all, for cultivating a talent for poetry. This retreat was, moreover, consecrated to society and friendship. A plentiful table was spread daily for visitors, and two or three young ladies from Philadelphia generally partook with Miss Græme of the enjoyments which her situation in the country furnished. About her seventeenth year she was addressed by a citizen of Philadelphia of respectable connexions and character. She gave him her heart, with the promise of her hand upon his return from London, whither he went to complete his education in the law. From causes which it is not necessary to detail, the contract of marriage, at a future day, was broken, but not without much suffering on the part of Miss Græme. To relieve and divert her mind from the effects of this event, she translated the whole of Telemachus into English verse; but this, instead of saving, perhaps aided the distress of her disappointment in impairing her health, and that to such a degree as to induce her father, in conjunction with two other physicians, to advise a voyage to England for its recovery. Her mother concurred in this advice, but for another reason besides that of restoring her daughter's health. This venerable and excellent woman had long laboured under a disease which, she believed, would have a fatal issue. She anticipated the near approach of death; and that it might be less terrible to her, she wished her daughter to be removed beyond the sphere of the counter attraction of her affections from the world of spirits, which her presence near her deathbed, would excite. This feeling is not a solitary or casual one, in the human mind. Archbishop Lightfoot wished to die from home, that he might dissolve more easily his ties to his family. A lady in Philadelphia, some years ago, in her

last moments said to her daughter, who sat weeping at her bedside, "Leave me, my child; I cannot die while you are in the room." Many instances of similar conflicts between religion and nature have occurred in domestic history which have escaped general observation.

Mrs. Græme died, according to her expectations and wishes, during her daughter's absence, leaving behind her two farewell letters to be delivered to her upon her return; one, upon the choice of a husband, and the other upon the management of a family. These letters contain many original ideas, and the most ardent expressions of maternal affection. The tenor of these expressions may easily be conceived by the following sentence extracted from the introduction to one of them. "I have rested for some time with my pen in my hand, from being at a loss to find out an epithet to address you with, that shall fully express my affection for you. After a good deal of deliberation, I can find nothing that pleases me better than 'my own dear Betsy'."*

Miss Græme spent a year in England, where she was accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Richard Peters of Philadelphia, a gentleman of highly polished manners, and whose rank enabled him to introduce her to the most respectable circles of company. She sought, and was sought for, by the most celebrated literary gentlemen who flourished in England at the time of the accession of George the third to the throne. She was introduced to this monarch, and particularly noticed by him. The celebrated Dr. Fothergill, whom she consulted as a physician, became her friend and correspondent as long as he lived. An accident attached the sentimental and then popular author of Tristram Shandy to her. She took a seat upon the same stage with him at the York races. While bets were making upon different horses, she selected a small horse that was in the rear of the coursers as the subject of a trifling wager. Upon being

* Mrs. Græme left letters to several of her friends, to be delivered to them after her death. The following is an extract from one of them to Mrs. Redman, the wife of the late Dr. John Redman:

"I have been waiting with a pleasing expectation of my dissolution a great while, and I believe the same portion of grace which has been afforded me hitherto, will not be withdrawn at that trying hour. My trust is in my heavenly Father's mercies, procured and promised for the all-sufficient merits of my blessed Saviour, so that whatever time it may be before you see this, or whatever weakness I may be under on my deathbed, be assured *this* is my faith; *this* is my hope from my youth up until now. And thus, my dear, I take my final leave of you. Adieu, forever.

ANNE GRÆME."

Sept. 22, 1762.

asked the reason for doing so, she said that the "race was not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Mr. Sterne, who stood near to her, was struck with this reply, and, turning hastily towards her, begged for the honour of her acquaintance. They soon became sociable, and a good deal of pleasant conversation took place between them, to the great entertainment of the surrounding company.

Upon her return to Philadelphia, she was visited by a numerous circle of friends, as well to condole with her upon the death of her mother, as to welcome her arrival to her native shores. She soon discovered by the streams of information she poured upon her friends, that she had been "all eye, all ear, and all grasp," during her visit to Great-Britain. The Journal she kept of her travels, was a feast to all who read it. Manners and characters in an old and highly civilized country, contrasted with those to which she had been accustomed in our own, accompanied with many curious facts and anecdotes, were the component parts of this interesting manuscript. Her modesty alone prevented its being made public, and thereby affording a specimen to the world, and to posterity, of her happy talents for observation, reflection, and composition.

In her father's family she now occupied the place of her mother. She kept his house, and presided at his table and fire-side in entertaining all his company. Such was the character of Dr. Græme's family for hospitality and refinement of manners, that all strangers of note who visited Philadelphia were introduced to it. Saturday evenings were appropriated for many years during Miss Græme's winter residence in the city, for the entertainment not only of strangers, but of such of her friends of both sexes as were considered the most suitable company for them. These evenings were, properly speaking, of the attic kind. The genius of Miss Græme evolved the heat and light that animated them. One while she instructed by the stores of knowledge contained in the historians, philosophers, and poets of ancient and modern nations, which she called forth at her pleasure; and again she charmed by a profusion of original ideas, collected by her vivid and widely expanded imagination, and combined with exquisite taste and judgment into an endless variety of elegant and delightful forms. Upon these occasions her body seemed to evanish, and she appeared to be all mind. The writer of this memoir would have hesitated in giving this description of the luminous displays of Miss Græme's knowledge and eloquence at these intellectual banquets, did he not know there are several ladies and gentlemen now living in Philadelphia, who can testify that it is not exaggerated.

It was at one of these evening parties she first saw Mr. Hugh Henry Ferguson, a handsome and accomplished young gentleman who had

lately arrived in this country from Scotland. They were suddenly pleased with each other. Private interviews soon took place between them, and in the course of a few months they were married. The inequality of their ages, (for he was ten years younger than Miss Græme) was opposed, in a calculation of their conjugal happiness, by the sameness of their attachment to books, retirement, and literary society. They settled upon the estate in Montgomery County, which Mrs. Ferguson's father (who died at an advanced age soon after her marriage) bequeathed to her. But before the question of their happiness could be decided by the test of experiment, the dispute between Great-Britain and America took place, in which it became necessary for Mr. Ferguson to take part. He joined the former in the year 1775, and from that time a perpetual separation took place between him and Mrs. Ferguson. Other causes contributed to prevent their reunion after the peace of 1782; but the recital of them would be uninteresting as well as foreign to the design of this publication. Mrs. Ferguson passed the interval between the year 1775 and the time of her death, chiefly in the country upon her farm, in reading, and in the different branches of domestic industry. A female friend who had been the companion of her youth, and whose mind was congenial to her own, united her destiny with hers, and soothed her various distresses by all the kind and affectionate offices which friendship and sympathy could dictate. In her retirement she was eminently useful. The doors of the cottages that were in her neighbourhood bore the marks of her footsteps, which were always accompanied or followed with cloathing, provisions, or medicines, to relieve the nakedness, hunger, or sickness of their inhabitants. During the time general Howe had possession of Philadelphia, she sent a quantity of linen into the city, spun with her own hands, and directed it to be made into shirts for the benefit of the American prisoners that were taken at the battle of Germantown.

Upon hearing, in one of her visits to Philadelphia, that a merchant once affluent in his circumstances, was suddenly thrown into gaol by his creditors, and was suffering from the want of many of the usual comforts of his life, she sent him a bed, and afterwards procured admission into his apartment, and put twenty dollars into his hands. He asked for the name of his benefactor. She refused to make herself known to him, and suddenly left him. This humane and charitable act would not have been made known, had not the gentleman's description of her person and dress discovered it. At this time her annual income was reduced to the small sum of one hundred and sixty dollars a year, which had been saved by the friendship of the late Mr. George Meade, out of the wreck of her estate. Many such secret acts of charity, exercised at the expense of her personal and habitual com-

forts, might be mentioned. They will all be made known elsewhere. In these acts she obeyed the gospel commandment of loving her neighbours *better* than herself. Her sympathy was not only active, but passive in a high degree. In the extent of this species of sensibility, she seemed to be all nerve. She partook of the minutest sorrows of her friends, and even a newspaper that contained a detail of public or private wo, did not pass through her hands without being bedewed with a tear. Nor did her sympathy with misery end here. The sufferings of the brute creation often drew sighs from her bosom, and led her to express a hope that reparation would be made to them for those sufferings in a future state of existence.

I have said that Mrs. Ferguson possessed a talent for poetry. Some of her verses have been published, and many of them are in the hands of her friends. They discover a vigorous poetical imagination, but the want of a poetical ear. This will not surprise those who know there may be poetry without metre, and metre without poetry.

The prose writings of Mrs. Ferguson indicate strong marks of genius, taste, and knowledge. Nothing that came from her pen was common. Even her hasty notes to her friends placed the most trivial subjects in such a new and agreeable light, as not only secured them from destruction, but gave them a durable place among the most precious fragments of fancy and sentiment.

Some of her letters will appear in future numbers of The Port Folio.

Mrs. Ferguson was a stranger to the feelings of a mother, for she had no children, but she knew, and faithfully performed all the duties of that relation to the son and daughter of one of her sisters, who committed them to her care upon her death bed. They both possessed hereditary talents and virtues. Her nephew, John Young, became under her direction, an accomplished scholar and gentleman. He died a lieutenant in the British army, leaving behind him a record of his industry and knowledge, in an elegant translation of d'Argent's Ancient Geography, into the English language. A copy of this valuable work is to be seen in the Philadelphia Library, with a tribute to the memory of the translator by Mrs. Ferguson.* The mind of her niece,

* A singular incident laid the foundation for the literary acquirements of this young gentleman. Before his 12th year, he was an idle boy; about that time, his aunt locked him in her father's library, for four and twenty hours, as a punishment for some offence. In this situation, he picked up a book to relieve himself, from the uneasiness of his solitude. This book arrested and fixed his attention. He read it through, and from that time he became devoted to books and study.

Ann Young, was an elegant impression of her own: she married Dr. William Smith, of Philadelphia, and lived but a few years afterwards. She left a son and daughter; the latter followed her mother prematurely to the grave, in the year 1808, in the 30th year of her age; after exhibiting to a numerous and affectionate circle of acquaintances, a rare instance of splendid talents and virtues, descending unimpaired through four successive generations.

The virtues which have been ascribed to Mrs. Ferguson, were not altogether the effects of education, nor of a happy moral texture of mind. They were improved, invigorated, and directed in their exercises by the doctrines and precepts of Christianity. To impress the contents of the Bible more deeply upon her mind, she transcribed every chapter and verse in it, and hence arose the facility and success with which she frequently selected its finest historical and moral passages to illustrate or adorn the subjects of her writings and conversation.

She was well read in polemical divinity, and a firm believer in what are considered the mysteries of revelation. Although educated in the forms, and devoted to the doctrines of the church of England, she worshipped devoutly with other sects, when she resided among them, by all of whom she was with a singular unanimity believed to be a sincere and pious Christian.

There was a peculiarity in her disposition, which would seem, at first sight, to cast a shade over the religious part of her character. After the reduction of her income, she constantly refused to accept of the least pecuniary assistance, and even of a present, from any of her friends. Let such persons who are disposed to ascribe this conduct to unchristian pride, recollect, there is a great difference between that sense of poverty, which is induced by adverse dispensations of Providence, and that which is brought on by voluntary charities. Mrs. Ferguson conformed, in the place, and manner of her living, to the narrowness of her resources. She knew no want that could make a wise or good woman unhappy, and she was a stranger to the " real evil" of debt. Her charities, moreover, would not have been her own, had they been replaced by the charities of her friends.

The afflictions of this excellent woman from all the causes that have been mentioned, did not fill up the measure of her sufferings. Her passage out of life was accompanied with great and protracted pain. This welcome event took place on the 23rd of February, in the year 1801, in the 62d year of her age, at the house of Seneca Lukins, a member of the Society of Friends, near Græme Park. Her body was interred, agreeably to her request by the side of her parents in the enclosure of Christ Church, in Philadelphia.

Should this attempt to rescue the name and character of this illustrious woman from oblivion, fall into the hands of any of the female readers of The Port Folio, who have been accustomed to feel an elevation of soul in contemplating the honour which Madame Dacier, Madame Sevigné; Lady Rachael Russel, and Mrs. Rowe, have conferred upon their respective countries; let them exult not less in reflecting, that a similar honour has been conferred upon the United States, by the singular attainments and virtues of Mrs. Elizabeth Ferguson.

THE WANDERER——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Malo est audax. OVID.

How apt we are to complain of the very causes of our success, and to think the hand that is raised to give us bounty uplifted to strike us. Adversity, which is frequently the hand of heaven extended in beneficence to man, is generally regarded as the stroke of fate, that is to prostrate him in the dust, and is the constant subject and burthen of his complaints. Nay, the kindness of the blow is often in proportion to its severity; and countless characters, that have gleamed with transcendent effulgence in this night of time, have been indebted to the extreme chillness of adversity for giving them lustre.

Niobe is drawn by Ovid *audax malo*, bold from distress. The arrow, winged by Apollo himself, from which the startled air drew back, passed by her "as the idle wind;"

Praeter Nioben unam, conteruit omnes.

It had not power to move what had already sunk into firmness. *Excessere metum sua jam mala.* Evil was now her good, but both were beyond fear. The celestials were defeated. She was now fearless from grief.

In the fate of Tantalus's daughter, the Roman bard has illustrated and enforced a moral truth. Adversity gives a hardihood to character, as the fibre is hardened against the winds of heaven by exposure to their blasts. Never was there a revolution but the storm found out its genius. Never adversity, that it did not probe to the quick of talent. If ability inheres, adversity will try it and search it out. If it be a sight worthy of the gods, "A brave man struggling with the storms of fate," those storms making a man struggle into bravery are far worthier

the divinities' attention. From being long engaged in the conflict with Destiny, you at length get to master him. You in some degree control events, or in the bold language of the poet, "take a bond of fate."

Philosophers account for the introduction of natural or physical evil consistently with the perfections of the introducer by supposing it the necessary and only possible mean of exciting the virtues. Without distress there could be no room for compassion, and without an object in need of relief the very bond of perfectness, charity, would be cancelled in the system. There seems to be a similar necessity for this evil for the production of talent. Such is the indolence of the human animal, it seems as though he would prefer natural darkness as favourable to rest, to the light of that sun, which would compel him to exertion to procure shelter from the heat of his beams. As moralists and mathematicians agree that to succeed in an experiment the power must be proportionate to the degree of resistance, great, indeed, must be the force to overcome this *passive* principle. When we add to this the clouds and darkness, that overshadow every human enterprise and project, we can hardly doubt for a moment, that this boasted lord of the creation would be torpid throughout the winter of existence, did not necessity mingle with the blood in his veins and stimulate him to action. It is, that torpor would be numbness, and that that blood must else cease to flow, that reluctant man is ever prevailed upon to put himself in motion. The same power that produces is alone competent to preserve, and when the necessity, real or apprehended, has ceased, the subject relapses into congenial inaction.

The belles lettres of the language are mostly the mere result of this principle. The writers of the most brilliant productions, that adorn the shelf of the scholar, have been goaded by necessity to the points of composition, as the least of the evils. Gloomy adversity has been the melancholy genius of their inspiration. Goldsmith and Johnson are striking illustrations of this remark. Of the poets, alas, who are they, that are not? Nor is it confined to our own language. Boethius passed off in the van of that melancholy troop, who, from the shortness of their stay, "come like shadows, so depart."

The storm, indeed, may blow away twigs, but it deepens the roots of the oak and gives vigour and extent to its branches. The twigs would be worthless, did the storm leave them. The oak becomes invaluable, as it rises in strength and might, extending still wider shelter and shade, and affording more abundant means of support and defence. Few characters are so light, that adversity would blow them away. On the contrary, scarcely one can be found, that it might not establish. O, that some youth of the neighbourhood could once pass under its gale, that it might be seen, whether it would not brace them into vigour or chill them into firmness; whether by bearing away the bushel of chaff

it might not lay open and bring to light the single grain of wheat, that is now buried and lost. The characters are not scarce that want *winnowing*.

The world have often been surprised at the sudden rise of men, who, without capital, without any rare endowments, and without friends, have raised themselves to affluence, and the homage that follows as its shade. It is these very negative qualities that insured them success. It is "the art in their necessities" has made "these vile things precious." Adversity is the crucible in which tempers as well as talents are tried, as by fire. Patience, justice, and fortitude, three of the cardinal virtues, it often purifies to additional splendour. It is, indeed, poor consolation to the daughter of affliction, that she learns meekness from the frowns of a mother. But there is solid comfort in the reflection, that the head gains an energy from every pang of the heart, that the courage and resources of the mind rise with the terrors of the seige, and that it at length may "come off more than conqueror." Thus is comprehended the blessing of adversity. Thus is it seen how heaven loveth whom it chasteneth, and how Piety, writhing under its scourge, may yet "bow and kiss the rod." The contemplation of the uses of adversity will satisfy the philosopher with the superintendence of Providence; and nothing can more promote in a Christian, resignation to the direst dispensations of Deity, than the consciousness, that, in this state of probation, he is, in some degree, "made perfect through suffering."

JULIUS.

THE CELEBRATED CORINNA.

THERE has been no biography of any authentic stamp of this celebrated woman; and our readers will perhaps feel a pleasure from the brief narrative which we now lay before them, collected with difficulty, and from no common source.

Corinna (whose real name was Mrs. Thomas), the pride of the gay world, and no less celebrated for her charms, than for her genius, was born in 1675. She seems to have inherited from her father, who was far advanced in life, and whose health had been long infirm, an unhappy constitution, rendered yet more delicate by the injudicious tenderness, with which she was nurtured. From her infancy she was afflicted with fevers and defluxions; but, with these physical disadvantages, she possessed a gay and lively temper, and gave early pro-

mise of a vigorous intellect. Before she had completed her second year, the death of her father, of whose circumstances his family, from his expensive manner of living, had formed an erroneous calculation, involved them in embarrassment and distress.

The Duke of Montague made flattering professions of service; and when Mrs. Thomas solicited him, as Captain of the band of pensioners, to bestow a post on a Mr. Gwynnet, a young gentleman, who had long addressed her daughter, actually assented to her request, on condition that the bride-elect should apply to him in person. The guileless mother overwhelmed her generous benefactor with grateful acknowledgments, and instantly hastened to inform her daughter of their flattering prospects, when, to her extreme surprise, she received from Corinna, who had been accustomed to yield to her commands an implicit obedience, a peremptory refusal to avail herself of the bounty of the noble Duke. Compelled at length to explain the motives for a conduct so unreasonable and extraordinary, the young lady confessed that his Grace had attempted to allure her from the paths of chastity. To this she added, that in the condition he had annexed to his services to her lover, she had but too just cause to fear a renewal of his dishonourable purposes. The feelings of a mother upon such an occasion required no description.

The mind of Corinna had been highly cultivated by a perusal of the best authors, while, as her taste refined, her sentiments became delicate and elevated, and her character strongly tinctured with those virtues which

"The sons of interest deem romance."

Their circumstances becoming daily more perplexed and involved, she remonstrated with her lover on the inequality of their fortunes and prospects, and the imprudence of the connexion which he solicited. The attachment of Mr. Gwynnet, who was already in a great degree independent of his family, was increased by the delicacy and disinterestedness of his mistress; nor was it long before he gained the consent of his father to a union in which his happiness was so deeply involved. With this sanction he came to London, to claim the reward of his affection and fidelity.

Mrs. Thomas being at this time in an infirm state of health, her amiable daughter refused, in her own better prospects, to abandon her mother to the care of strangers. She replied to the solicitations of her lover, that as she had not thought sixteen years too long a period to wait for him, she hoped he would not consider six months as tedious, in expectation of receiving, at the end of that time, the recompense of his generous constancy. "Six months at present, my Corinna," he replied, with a sigh, "are more than the sixteen years that are passed; you now defer our union, and God will put it off forever." His words were prophetic. The next day he returned into the country, and made his will, by which he bequeathed to Corinna six hundred pounds; he sickened shortly after, and expired April 16th, 1711. To express the feelings of his mistress on this event language is inadequate:—"Sorrow," said she, "has been my portion ever since."

The deed of conveyance, by which the father of Mr. Gwynnet had empowered his son to dispose of his effects, with the will which he had in consequence made, were suppressed by his brother. She had, in the course of this suit, been obliged to sign an instrument to empower the lawyers to receive the money, and pay themselves the costs.

The consequences may be foreseen: thirteen pounds sixteen shillings was the residue which these conscientious gentleman, who sell justice very dear, paid into her hands. Reduced by this event to the necessity of retiring from her creditors to obscurity and want, she was betrayed by a pretended friend, and thrown into prison.

After her liberation from confinement, Mrs. Thomas resided in a small and humble lodging in Fleet-street, where she died, February, 1730, in the fifty-sixth year of her age. She was interred in the church of St. Bride's.

CORRESPONDENCE——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

YOUR correspondent "Atticus," wishes to know, whether "Paracelsus" be correct in his analysis of Atmospheric air; he is therefore informed, that Paracelsus in stating the theory of combustion, was desirous to keep out of view, every thing which might embarrass his description; the minute history of Atmospheric air being foreign from his purpose was of course omitted.

Paracelsus now takes the liberty to remark, that he cannot acknowledge himself in an error, while he is supported by the authority of Chaptal and Lavoisier. "Atticus" is mistaken in supposing "carbonic acid gas" a component part of Atmospheric air. It is a distinct substance, accidentally mixed with it, and no more forms one of its constituent principles, than water, smoke, or miasmata.

—

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

To solve the difficulty stated by X Y in No. II of The Port Folio, I beg leave to inform him, that ὄρα, take care, is understood before the infinitive ἔμμεναι. The substituting an infinitive for the imperative mood where a word is wanting belongs to the genius of the Greek language. I am of opinion that Greek literature will never flourish in the United States till professor Dalzel's Αναλεκτα are reprinted. By the importation of Dalzel's Collectanea at Richmond, the nobly-sounding phrases and periphrases of the Greeks are understood in Virginia better, perhaps, than in any other State.

I am, &c.

ATTICUS.

COURT OF FASHION.

We trust our *elegantes* will not have cause to complain of our gallantry, or inattention to their claims in this department. When our correspondence with the *beaux garçons* of London and Paris is systematised, these pages will be eagerly ranged through by the eye of every fair one, who has not adopted that silly idea, which Thomson applies to his little sun-burnt rustic Lavinia:

> When unadorned, adorned the most;

but has sufficient enlargement of soul to conceive

> Art may improve what Nature gave,

and Cinderella-like, puts aside the sombre habit of the housewife, for the more splendid attire of the fashionable belle.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1809.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS.—ENGLISH COSTUME.

Nos. 1 *and* 2.—*Evening Dresses.*

FONTARABIAN robes of Saragossa brown net, worn over white satin or sarsnet; the front breadth ornamented with borders of vandyke lace, terminated at the extreme edge with gold cord, or narrow binding. Stomacher of white satin, laced with gold. Short sleeve of correspondent materials. A drapery flowing from the right shoulder (where it is confined with a brooch), is trimmed *semblable* to the front of the robe (as seen in Fig. 1 of the Plate), and falling in graceful negligence round the back of the figure, is trimmed on the left side with a gold tassel. A Pelerine, or Pilgrim's tippet, of lace, brought to points in front of the figure, and confined with gold brooches on the shoulders, forms a graceful finish for the bust. A patriotic hat of white satin, frosted velvet, or silver tissue, with Gallician plume. Hair worn in irregular ringlets. Diamond earrings, necklace, and bracelets. Shoes of white satin, with silver rosettes and fringe. Gloves of French kid.

The different terms applied to the various articles which compose this elegant habiliment will, of course, bespeak it entirely Spanish; and we here take occasion to remark, that it is equally consistent and attractive if formed of any fashionable coloured crape, or fancy leno.

Evening Dresses in Janʏ 1809

Full Dress

No. 3.—Evening Dress.

A round robe, with short train of claret-coloured crape or muslin; a fluted riband round the bottom of the same colour; a French stomacher front of white satin, either plain or laced with silver cord, and trimmed with narrow vandyke lace, which is continued round the back and shoulders; a white satin long sleeve, edged as the stomacher, or with a deep antique cuff of lace. A square mantle of white net, embroidered in large spots or small stars of silver, and edged with vandyke trimming; sometimes this graceful appendage is formed entirely of lace, at others of gossamer satin, edged with swansdown. A Spanish hat of white sattin, with frosted silver plume and loop. Pearl necklace, earrings, bracelets, and armlets. White satin shoes, with silver embroidered toes. Gloves of French kid; and opera fan of carved amber.

—

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON THE FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON,

SELECTED FROM THE MOST ELEGANT PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SOURCES.

ALTHOUGH the walking, or carriage costume, has undergone little change as to their material or general construction, yet some few elegant novelties have been introduced, which claim, from their unique formation, the attention of our fair correspondents. The first which we shall notice is a walking, or rather carriage habit, formed in a high round robe of fine Merino cloth, the colour Spanish fly. This robe is formed a walking length, with long sleeves, and square Spanish mantle of the same, flowing over the back and shoulders. All the points and terminations of the robe and mantle are ornamented with a fancy border of chenille in shaded greens, finished with a narrow base of black velvet. At the extremity of the throat it has a plaited winged frill of point lace, in vandyke or scollop. A small bonnet of the jockey form, composed of the same materials, ornamented with edging, and band of variegated green feathers. A short lace veil of French point, and half boots of green kid, or velvet laced with black, completes this very attractive and elegant dress.

Pelisses are now often formed with scarfs and short mantles of the same, of Spanish fly, Saragossa brown, or fine purple cloth, or gold-coloured velvet; they are trimmed with spotted ermine, or other skin, or with the shaded border of floss silk. The Exile mantle is now much in esteem, and possesses much unstudied elegance. It is composed of fine Vigonia cloth of a very dark green, lined throughout with rose-co-

loured, or amber sarsnet; and which being doubled over at the edges, forms a lively contrast to the fur with which it is trimmed about a nail beyond. This elegant mantle is constructed with a high puckered collar, clasped at the throat with silver, gold, or cut steel. It sits close to the figure in form of a wrap on one side; and on the other (which is rounded) it is folded by the disposition of the hand, as fancy or necessity may direct. The Polish wrapping coat of cloth or velvet, lined and trimmed with fur is a very seasonable article, and well adapted to defend the fair wearer from the severity of the weather. White satin mantles trimmed with swansdown, and formed in the Exile style, are considered as elegant wraps for the Opera. Large shawls and scarlet mantles are, however, still much worn on these occasions; with which the white fox, or swansdown tippet, also blends. The straw bonnet is still introduced as a winter article, in various forms, and ornamented with seasonable flowers and ribands. These coverings though exceedingly comfortable for the pedestrian fair, and simply pretty in themselves, are certainly best adapted for summer wear. It were an endless task, should we attempt to describe the various constructions which compose the velvet bonnets and hats which our fashionables display; suffice it that they are generally formed of the same material as the pelisse or mantle, and are either of the Spanish or helmet form, while some are in the small French style with full puckered fronts. They are ornamented with Chinese flos trimmings, lace, flowers, and sometimes with two short feathers. This latter article in various forms, is now a distinguishing article in full dress; indeed the dress hat (particularly the Spanish) is incomplete without this graceful appendage.

There is much elegance and novelty in the construction of both morning and evening robes at this season. By such females as are fond of the extremes of fashion, the waist is *frightfully increased in length*, but the most genteel and elegant women do not exceed a becoming medium. The bosoms and fronts of robes are generally much ornamented. The morning robe is most consistent and becoming when formed of white muslin, let in with lace beading in various fanciful forms in front of the bust. We have seen two of this style of robes, which remain unrivalled as to that chaste and simple elegance which should ever distinguish this species of decoration. They were each made high in the neck, and one was formed with a winged ruff in small half plaits, edged with narrow vandyke lace, and cuffs to correspond, a stomacher front laced with cord, and otherwise ornamented with lace beading, but one had a border round the bottom and up the front of the *lotus* in white net, the edges in tambour, with high winged collar, and cuffs of the same.

For full dress, gowns of cloth, velvet, and satin, are most in request at this season; though brocade sarsnet and muslin, and net over satin, blend with the elegant variety. The construction of these robes are various, some in velvet and fine imperial cloth, are bordered alternately with borders of chenille in embroidery; others are ornamented with gold or silver lace, with clasps and fringe to correspond; others are trimmed entirely with fine lace in antique.

Short Polanese robes of coloured gossamer net, over white satin under dresses, have a very light and elegant effect in the ball-room. The following dress struck us as exceedingly beautiful, and decorated females of considerable rank and much personal beauty. First, a round robe of fine white imperial cloth, trimmed round the bottom with a gold fringe; long sleeve of gold tissue, and deep antique cuff; gold embossed stomacher; diamond ornaments, with correspondent comb, and Spartan diadem. Secondly, a Convent robe of grass-green velvet, richly tamboured in borders of gold; a Spanish hat of white satin, with rich gold loops, and Spanish plume of variegated green feathers; white satin shoes, with gold embroidered toes. Thirdly, a plain round robe of pink or blossom-coloured satin, with long sleeve; a broad scolloped lace, laid plain round the feet a little above the hem; the same round the bosom and cuffs; an apliqued stomacher of point lace edged with pearl or white bugles; pearl necklace, earrings, and bracelets; hair *à la Greque*, with pearl comb. Fourthly, a Roman tunic of light-blue velvet, made high in the neck behind, with a deep double plaited ruff of vandyke lace, brought to a point at the centre of the bosom, and clasped with rich embossed silver ornaments thence to the feet; short sleeve the same as the vest, finished with silver lace or binding like that which borders the dress; a long sleeve of fine cobweb net placed over, and confined at the wrist with a diamond clasp; neck and head ornaments to correspond, or a Spanish hat of frosted satin.

Scarlet robes are rather on the decline, or at best only belonging to the intermediate style of decoration, as does also the half kerchief for the hair. Jewellery is much worn in the hair by those ladies whose redundant tresses reject the cap; which latter article belongs (in full dress) exclusively to ladies advanced in years; these are generally formed of velvet, gold and silver tissue, or lace interspersed with satin or velvet. The necklace, or chain, is worn short, and the bracelet broad.

The most genteel colours are Saragossa brown, Spanish fly, purple and gold colour; although scarlet and morone are very general.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

FASHION, come; on me awhile
Deign, fantastic Nymph, to smile.

THE term, *World*, is in strict alliance with a vast variety of appropriate epithets. We are astonished at the wonders of the *great* world, and we smile at the fooleries and impertinence of the *little*. The busy world engrosses some of our attention, and toward the LITERARY WORLD, we gaze for hours together. Theologists talk much of an invisible world, and it is firmly and piously believed, that this sort of world is the best in the Universal System. Your pedant and your philosopher of *the sixteenth century*, affected in their solemn way, to speak, with great precision, of the *Mundus Muliebris*, or Female World. Modern Editors, Milliners, and Loungers, who are nothing like pedants or philosophers, descant at large in many a cream-coloured page on the dazzling beauties of the *Fashionable* World. Rustic, recluse, retired, and greyheaded, as OLIVER OLDSCHOOL most certainly is, yet from a variety of charming associations of faded youth and obsolete gallantry, he cannot help regarding this same fashionable world, with a high degree of complacency. When poor DRYDEN was almost in his dotage, he composed the following charming couplet:

Old as I am, for Ladies' love unfit,
The Power of Beauty I remember yet.

Now this is admirable, and expresses with all the Poet's energy the interest which every man of sensibility, however blunted by years, and misfortune, naturally feels, in whatever relates to LOVELY AND ACCOMPLISHED WOMAN.

As we understand from divers and authentic sources, that this our Magazine is sometimes peeped at by the brilliant belle, as well as by the solemn hermit, and the sage philosopher; therefore in gratitude for our good reception at toilets and in saloons, we should fail in our fealty to the Fair, if we did not devote some of our pages to the amusement and edification of the Ladies. In no city, town, or hamlet of this our most fortunate and favoured country, can brighter Beauty, or more enchanting Graces be found, than what we have the privilege of *gazing at*, from our study window. Philadelphia is the *Circassia* of the new

World; and boasts of bewitching Beings, youthful as HEBE, gay as IRIS, or majestic as JUNO.

When drudging Application is in perpetual alliance with daring Genius, the duplicate Power overcomes every obstacle. So when the Perfection of Art comes up to the aid of blushing and beauteous Nature, the effect is irresistible, and the Triumph complete.

To effect this union is the object of the preceding article, which may be considered by our fair friends, as

"The glass of Fashion, and the mould of Form."

In the capital of Great Britain, are two publications of the most splendid character, and almost exclusively devoted to the Fashionable World. We allude to the *Court* Magazine by Bell, and the *Repository* by Akerman. These exhibit a regular history of the progress of Fashion, and their conductors watch most vigilantly "all the wild vicissitudes of Taste."

We have access to these splendid pamphlets, sooner perhaps, than any other readers in America. By a remarkably correct and systematic arrangement, it is in our power to diffuse a knowledge of the various modes of dress, nearly as soon, as they are adopted abroad. The modish costume of the month, or season, is generally illustrated by a superb engraving. This we shall occasionally emulate, as far as is practicable; and we will *fairly* appeal to our *fair* friends, if the annexed plate, descriptive of a Spanish dress, is not equal in effect to the finest flow of Grecian drapery.

N. B. Lest it should be unjustly thought, or injuriously asserted, that we are departing widely from our proper province, and that our recondite studies totally unqualify us to shine in this gay department, we assure our readers that we are so diffident of our skill in these intricate affairs, that we never act, without consulting the constituted authorities, and that many learned ladies, not to mention French and other Milliners, are frequently of our council.

ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE FORESTERS;

A POEM:

Descriptive of a Pedestrian Journey to the Falls of Niagara, In the Autumn of 1803.

By the Author of American Ornithology.

Sons of the city! ye whom crowds and noise
Bereave of peace and Nature's rural joys,
And ye who love through woods and wilds to range,
Who see new charms in each successive change;
Come roam with me Columbia's forests through,
Where scenes sublime shall meet your wandering view;
Deep shades magnificent, immensely spread;
Lakes, sky-encircled, vast as ocean's bed;
Lone hermit streams that wind through savage woods;
Enormous cataracts swoln with thund'ring floods;
The settler's* farm with blazing fires o'erspread;
The hunter's cabin and the Indian's shed;
The log-built hamlet, deep in wilds embrac'd;
The awful silence of th' unpeopled waste:
These are the scenes the Muse shall now explore,
Scenes new to song and paths untrod before.
To Europe's shores renowned in deathless song,
Must all the honours of the bard belong?
And rural Poetry's enchanting strain
Be only heard beyond th' Atlantic main?
What though profuse in many a patriot's praise,
We boast a Barlow's soul-exalting lays;
An Humphreys blessed with Homer's nervous glow;
And Freedom's friend and champion in Freneau;
Yet *Nature*'s charms that bloom so lovely here,
Unhailed arrive, unheeded disappear;
While bare bleak heaths and brooks of half a mile
Can rouse the thousand bards of Britain's isle.

* A term usually applied in America to those persons who first commence the operations of agriculture in a new country by cutting, clearing, and actual settlement. The varied appearance of the woods where these are rapidly going on, forms a busy, novel, and interesting picture.

There scarce a stream creeps down its narrow bed,
There scarce a hillock lifts its little head,
Or humble hamlet peeps their glades among
But lives and murmurs in immortal song.
Our western world, with all its matchless floods,
Our vast transparent lakes and boundless woods,
Stamped with the traits of majesty sublime,
Unhonoured weep the silent lapse of time,
Spread their wild grandeur to th' unconscious sky,
In sweetest seasons pass unheeded by;
While scarce one Muse returns the songs they gave,
Or seeks to snatch their glories from the grave.

The sultry heats of summer's sun were o'er,
And ruddy orchards poured their ripened store;
Stripped of their leaves the cherry av'nues stood,
While sage October ting'd the yellow wood,
Bestrewed with leaves and nuts the woodland path,
And roused the *Katydid** in chattering wrath;
The corn stood topped, there pumpkins strewed the ground,
And driving clouds of blackbirds wheeled around,
Far to the south our warblers had withdrawn;
Slow sailed the thistle-down along the lawn;
High on the hedge-rows, pendant over head,
Th' embow'ring vines their purple clusters spread;
The buckwheat flails reechoed from the hill,
The creaking cider-press was busier still;
Red through the smoky air the wading sun
Sunk into fog ere half the day was done;
The air was mild, the roads embrown'd and dry,
Soft, meek-eyed Indian summer† ruled the sky.

Such was the season when equipt we stood
On the green banks of Schuylkill's winding flood,
Bound on a tour wide northern forests through,
And bade our parting friends a short adieu;
Three cheerful partners, Duncan was the guide,
Young, gay, and active, to the forest tried,

* A species of Gryllus very numerous and very noisy in the woods at that season.

† This expression is so well understood in the United States as hardly to require an explanation. Between the months of October and December there is usually a week or two of calm serene smoky weather, such as is here described, which is universally denominated the Indian summer.

A stick and knapsack all his little store,
With these, whole regions Duncan could explore,
Could trace the path to other eyes unseen,
Tell where the panther, deer, or bear had been,
The long dull day through swamp and forest roam;
Strike up his fire and find himself at home;
Untie his wallet, taste his frugal store,
And under shelbury bark profoundly snore.
And soon as Morning cheered the forest scene,
Resume his knapsack and his path again.
Next Leech advanced, with youthful sails unfurled,
Fresh on his maiden cruise to see the world;
Red o'er his cheek the glow of health was spread;
An oilskin covering glittered round his head;
His light fusil across his shoulder thrown,
His neat-slung knapsack full and glistening shone;
Though unknown regions wide before him lay,
He scorned all fear while Wilson shared the way.
He next appeared, with glittering arms supplied,
A double gun, a deadly dirk beside,
A knapsack, crammed by Friendship's generous care,
With cakes and cordials, drams, and dainty fare;
Flasks filled with powder, leathern belts with shot,
Clothes, colours, paper, pencils—and what not.
With hope elate, and ardour in his eye,
He viewed the varying scenes approaching nigh,
Prepared and watchful (heedless of repose)
To catch the living manners as they rose;
Th' exploits, fatigues, and wonders to rehearse,
In no inglorious or enfeebled verse;
Nor scene nor character to bring to view
Save what fair Truth from living Nature drew.
Thus each equipt beneath his separate load,
We, fellow-pilgrims, gayly took the road,
A road immense; yet promised joys so dear,
That toils, and doubts, and dangers, disappear.
Behind us soon the lessening city flies,
New vallies sink and other hills arise,
Till through old Germantown we lightly trod,
That skirts for three long miles the narrow road;
And rising Chesnut-Hill around surveyed,
Wide woods below in vast extent displayed.

Studded with glitt'ring farms; the distant view
Died into mingling clouds and mountains blue;
The road was good, the passing scenery gay,
Mile after mile passed unperceived away,
Till in the west the day began to close,
And Spring-house tavern furnished us repose.
Here two long rows of market folks were seen,
Ranged front to front, the table placed between,
Where bags of meat and bones, and crusts of bread,
And *hunks* of bacon all around were spread;
One pint of beer from lip to lip went round,
And scarce a crumb the hungry house-dog found;
Torrents of Dutch from every quarter came,
Pigs, calves, and *saur-craut* the important theme;
While we, on future plans revolving deep,
Discharged our bill, and straight retired to sleep.
The morning star shone early on our bed,
Again our march the vigorous Duncan led,
The vault of heaven with constellations hung,
Their myriads twinkling as he cheerly sung,
Beguiling the lone hours. Thus half the day,
O'er hill and dale our stretching journey lay,
Through fertile Bucks‡, where lofty barns abound,
For wheat, fair Quakers, eggs, and fruit renowned;
Full fields, snug tenements, and fences neat,
Wide-spreading walnuts drooping o'er each gate;
The spring-house peeping from enclustering trees,
Gay gardens filled with herbs, and roots and bees,
Where quinces, pears, and clustering grapes were seen,
With pondrous calabashes hung between;
While orchards, loaded, bending o'er the grass,
Invite to taste, and cheer us as we pass.
But these too soon give place to prospects drear,
As o'er Northampton's‖ barren heights we steer;

‡ The County of Bucks, in Pennsylvania, is a rich, well-cultivated tract of country, containing nearly half a million of acres, and upwards of 30,000 inhabitants.

‖ Northampton is an oblong hilly county adjoining that of Bucks. It is crossed nearly at right angles by that remarkable range of the Allegany known by the name of the Blue Ridge or Blue Mountain, which presents the appearance of an immense rampart, extending farther than the eye can reach, with an almost uniform height of summit.

Bleak land of stones, deep swamps, and pigmy woods,
Where the poor Swabian o'er his drudgery broods;
Toils hard; and when the heats of harvest burn
Gleans from the rocks his pittance in return.
Yet though so cursed his soil, his sheaves so few,
All-conquering Industry still bears him through;
Averse to change, pleased patiently to plod
The same dull round his honest father trod.
Behold his low-roofed hut on yonder green!
There no gay front or proud piazza's seen;
Let wealthy fools their precious hoards disburse,
No *whim* can tempt him to untie his purse.
A moss-grown penthouse shades his narrow door,
One window joins with patches covered o'er;
Around the garden numerous hives are ranged,
And pendant gourds to fading yellow changed.
Sheds, smoke-house, hog-pens, crowd the miry yard,
Where endless yells from growling pigs are heard.
Approach this humble hut: look in, nor fear;
Say, could Ambition find one comfort here?
Yet sweet Content e'en *here* is sometimes found,
Turning the wheel, or slumb'ring by its sound.
No mirrors dazzle, no rich beds appear,
Wide-wasting Fashion never entered here.
Those plates of pewter, ranged along the frame,
In ancient days from distant *Teuchland* came.
That oaken table, so uncouth and low,
Stood where it stands some sixty years ago.
In this arm-chair where Hans delights to snore,
His great-grandfather nodded long before.
Thus glows his greasy stove throughout the year,
The torrid zone forever rages here.
Here, when the shades of weary evening fall,
Sits Hans, the lord and sovereign of all;
Das Neue Callender§ from the nail unhooks,
His dark brows solemn, and morose his looks,
Beside the lamp, with spectacles on nose,
Tomorrow's weather seeks, its rains or snows,
The moon's eventful signs, th' auspicious hour
To plant the downward root or rising flower;

§ The New Almanac.

Of witch-confounding doctors tells the tale,
Sips his metheglin, or his cider stale.
All other joys for which he ever sighs
His dear beloved *saur-craut* or his pipe supplies.
Abroad at toil ere yet the morning breaks,
Each rugged task his hardy frau partakes;
With brawny arms the struggling ploughshare guides;
Whips up her nags and o'er the furrows strides;
Awakes the echoes with her clamorous tongue,
And lends e'en H.ns a clout when things go wrong.
Sweeps round her head the loud-resounding flail,
And sweats the sturdiest mower in the vale.
Light beat our hearts with changing prospects gay,
As down through Durham vale we bend our way,
And pause, its furnace curious to explore,
Where flames and bellows lately wont to roar,
Now waste and roofless: as its walls we pass
The massive shells lie rusting in the grass.
There let them rust, fell messengers of death!
Till injured Liberty be roused to wrath,
In whose right hand may they, though hosts oppose,
Be blasting thunderbolts to all her foes.
The setting sun was sinking in the west,
And brightly burnishing the mountain's breast,
When, from afar, as down the steep we hie,
The glittering roofs of Easton caught the eye:
Low in the shelter'd vale, while rude around
Hills piled on hills the dreary prospect bound.
Around the mountain's base, in winding pride,
The rapid Lehigh rolls his amber tide,
To meet old Delaware who moves serene,
While Easton rises on the plain between.
Tired with the day's long toil we gladly greet
The snug stone buildings and the pavement neat;
The busy townsmen, jabbering Dutch aloud,
The court-house, ferry, hanging signs, and crowd;
At length one waving sign enchained our view,
'Twas Pat's *split-crow*, a filthy raven too.
Thither for rest and shelter we repair,
And home's kind decencies, that ne'er were there.
Here might the Muse with justice due record
The wretched fare its scurvy walls afford;

The black wet bread, with rancid butter spread;
The beastly drunkards who beside us fed;
The beds with fleas and bugs accursed stored,
Where every seam its tens of thousands poured;
The host's grim sulkiness, his eager look,
When from our purse his glittering god we took;
But nobler themes invite: be these repressed,
The eagle preys not on the carrion's breast.

(*To be continued.*)

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In early spring, the fragrant flow'r,
Its bud adorn'd with dew displays,
And op'ning, triumphs for an hour,
Then sheds its beauties and decays.

The flow'r decays—but not not less fair,
With vernal gales again appears;
The fragrance still perfumes the air,
Still shines the leaf with dewy tears.

The spring of love is not less bright;
Its summer's warmth is blissful too;
But ah! if chill'd by winter's night,
No season can its life renew.

PHILARIO.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LINES ON THE DEPARTURE OF A FRIEND.

And is she gone? the cherish'd friend,
Who late adorn'd our social sphere;
Whose sportive smiles their lustre blend,
With pure Affection's gleaming tear.

Have they all flown? those fairy hours,
When she, our star of love appear'd:
When Fancy strew'd its mimic flowers,
And Taste the transient scene endear'd.

No more shall we enraptur'd meet
Her cordial glance and welcome warm;
No longer share that converse sweet
Which form'd so bright, so dear a charm.

Ah! dost thou, rural Nature, lend
Thy sylvan shades and genial air?
Doth Spring its bloom and fragrance send
To tempt from us our fav'rite fair?

The landscape, too, must it disclose
Its glittering hills and verdant groves
The lily yield her virgin snows,
To lure her to the vale she loves.

Too fleeting Time! why ever haste
To steal our moment's bliss away?
Ah! why on us, profusely waste
Thy op'ning blossoms, smiling May?

In vain thy buds of varied bloom,
For us, their glowing bosoms rear;
Our rosy joys have sunk in gloom,
And Rapture flies the farewell tear.

No more delighted we behold,
The fields in blushing beauty dress'd;
The Zephyr's breath, and dew-drop cold
Have chill'd the vi'let's purple breast.

That Zephyr hath inhaled the sigh
Which pierc'd her gentle, feeling heart;
That dew-drop dim'd her melting eye,
When Friendship falter'd—must we part.

With her each blissful vision sped,
And cypress shades the festive bower;
With her, the spell of genius fled,
Which oft illum'd the vesper hour.

Away then, ev'ry vernal charm!
And hail, with winter's colder reign,
The social fire and welcome warm:
Ah, hail, our charming friend again!

E.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

On the pleasure arising from public worship.

TO MARY.

How dear to pious souls the day
  Which bids them to the church repair!
How sweet to cast their cares away
  And meet their heavenly Father there!

O how I love that place of rest!
  Where mingling with the peaceful train,
Devotion fills the yielding breast,
  And soft emotions bless her reign.

If such the happiness that springs
  From prayer and praise in union sweet,
What must we feel when angel's wings
  Shall waft us to the Saviour's feet?

That heaven must be a blessed place
  My Mary's gentle sighs declare;
And when I view her lovely face,
  O how my soul expatiates there!

Yes, Mary, when in thy bright eyes
  Devotion's rising beams I see,
Fond Fancy follows to the skies
  To learn if angels look like thee.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In our Magazine for February, the department of the Drama was adorned with an essay, equally admired for the elegance of its style, and the acuteness of its argument. Professing to analyze the mixed character of Macbeth, our ingenious inquirer hazards an hypothesis, which though it may be sturdily shaken by the ruder critic, will be commended, for its ingenuity, by the gentler. On this ground, whether firm or loose, we shall not quarrel with a spirited adventurer; but, on the contrary, frankly declare that his opinion is plausible, if not pro-

bable. In the language of the bar, although he may not *make out his case*, we cannot refuse to him the praise of dexterity, in the display of his powers. If his argument be involved, yet, his motives are distinct, his sentiments are bright, and his language is pure. We are so far satisfied with this speculation, that we are peculiarly solicitous our correspondent would follow up his original plan vigorously. With the warmth of an enthusiast, with the spirit of youth, and in the polished phrase of chivalry, he commences his career with a just homage to the matchless SHAKSPEARE. The admiration of our author for that peerless Poet, is so fervently expressed, we are inevitably led to conclude, that he *studies* Shakspeare at the *Inns of Court;* and, without any playful allusion, our friend cannot, in the intervals of professional duty, study a better book, the Bible excepted. Upon this presumption, therefore, that *the right daintie* Comedies and Tragedies of my Master William, are perfectly familiar to our correspondent, it is our ardent wish that he would take a wider survey of his author. Several of the Scottish Scholars have very successfully applied philosophical principles to poetical narrative, but these critics have confined themselves to a section of Shakspeare. Enough, perhaps, has been said of Hamlet, of Timon, of Othello, of Lear, and of Falstaff. But where shall we find a perfect analysis of the vehement passions, and rapid impulses of the romantic Romeo? Where is Juliet critically portrayed? Are not Mercutio, the Nurse, and Peter worthy of our consideration? Could not some *novel* resemblance be traced between the gloomy pensiveness of the disgusted Jaques, and the sullen misanthropy of the spurious Don John? The characters of the calumniated Hero, and the stupid Dogberry and Verges, in Much Ado about Nothing, deserve a remarker. The Provost in Measure for Measure surely deserves notice; King Richard, *the Second;* the Two Gentlemen of Verona; All's Well that End's Well; Taming the Shrew, and even Titus Andronicus overflow with materials for the philosophical critic. What a glorious field for a Genius of this description, does the noble Tragedy, and *patrician haughtiness* of the spirited Coriolanus afford? How many admirable characters and lucky situations occur in every page of Twelfth Night, a most exquisite Comedy, which, by the by, is not sufficiently studied, either at home or abroad. Pistol, Holofernes, and Armado, famous for his *highborn words. A man in all the world's new fashion planted, that hath a mint of phrases in his brain.* All these fustian fellows, with their *fire-new* expressions, might be very pleasantly derided by a *sober critic.*

The Historical Play of Henry V, the *Second* Part of Henry the Fourth, and the three parts of Henry Sixth, have been comparatively neglected by the critic and the commentator. In all these plays, how-

ever, the diligent gleaner will find much for his purpose. Materials for many a critique might easily be found in The Comedy of Errors, whether regarded in comparison with the Amphytrion of PLAUTUS, or viewed a part as one of the luckiest efforts of a truly original writer.

Launcelot Gobbo, in the Merchant of Venice, deserves some regard. Though he has but little to do, and not much to say, yet the latter is so droll and characteristic, and is, moreover, such a correct transcript from real life, that it might form the subject of a very entertaining speculation.

The character of Mark Antony, especially if impartially scrutinized by the bright lamp of PLUTARCH, in conjunction with the radiance, shed by Shakspeare, would appear, we think, in a new light, and the philosophic remarker would perhaps discern some fairer features, than have been generally noticed in an imprudent, but sometimes generous and noble character.

We have no occasion, like the members of the British Parliament, to *rise to explain* before such a Judge as "Candidus." He knows the necessary imperfections of every Literary Journal. He perfectly remembers how unavoidably we are subject to inaccuracies and mistakes, which it would be vain to think of concealing from the judicious reader by any parade. Such a reader must be sensible that mistakes cannot possibly be avoided in such a work; for he will be conscious that imperfection must necessarily be expected from haste, and that we must represent things according to their appearance at the time, though these appearances may afterwards be discovered to have been delusive.

We hope the correspondence of "Atticus," will be punctual, particularly on topics of *Polite Literature;* for we are convinced that he is more at home with Poets, Orators, and Historians, than among the crucibles of the chymists, or the *dry bones of a diagram.*

Our poetical friend must console himself with the trite topics of Philosophy. The last should be his duty, though, we are sensible, the pursuits of Poesy will be his delight:

> Yet, hapless Poet, though thy skill can raise
> The bursting peal of universal praise;
> Though at thy beck Applause delighted, stands,
> And lifts, Briareus-like, her hundred hands;
> Know Fame awards thee, but a partial breath,
> Not all thy talents brave the stroke of Death.

"Volatile" is indeed an anomalous character. A perfect *non-descript*, in moral classification. We are not ignorant that some minds, with delightful elasticity, can fly from one extreme to the other; now *volatile* as ether, and now fixed as adamant. But the fantastic being alluded to, like many of the Genii, in the old romances, is ever vagrant,

Fix'd thoughts in Volatile 'tis vain to seek,
Who from himself is varying every week;
And, picturing, like a cloud at close of day,
Fantastic features, never at a stay.
Where heads of asses, or of hogs erase,
The short liv'd semblance of a human face;
Where on his throne, at Ammon, as we stare,
He turns a monkey, and his throne a bear.
Now calm he lives, and careless to be great,
Now deep in plots, and fervid in debate;
Now drinking, writing, gaming pass his day,
And now he plans a page, and now a play.
The magic wand of eloquence assumes,
Or sweeps up jests, and brandishes his brooms:
By fitful turns in sense and folly sunk,
Divinely eloquent, or devilish drunk;
A splendid wreck of talents misapplied,
By sloth he loses what he gains by Pride;
Him mean, great, silly, wise, alike we call,
The Pride, the Shame, the Boast, the Scorn of all.

The Memoirs of Anacreon, from whose manuscript, by the permission of the author, we have copied a glowing picture of Nuptials in Greece, will remind the classical reader not only of the beauties of Ancient imagery, but of the felicity of Modern imitation.

—

Through the public path, sometimes perplexed and obstructed, and sometimes smooth and flowery, we have thus far advanced in our Literary Pilgrimage. Though deeply depressed by the frowns of some, we have been sweetly cheered by the smiles of others; and, while we pause for breath at a little resting place in our Journey, we enjoy the prospect around us, with signal satisfaction. In the pursuit of our adventures, we hope we shall find cheerful companions, and good guides; and under the influence of pleasurable Emotion we shall gayly proceed, and task all our vigour in climbing some steep of eminence, or if baffled in this

hope, at least most perseveringly to clamber over all the bars and rocks of Difficulty.

Exchanging one figure for another, and perhaps, greatly to his disadvantage, the Editor, in behalf of that LITERARY BAND, who, with fond partiality have promoted him to a rank in the line, not, as the *enemy* says, from any considerations of merit, but merely from those of *seniority*, feels it his duty, at the close of our *first* campaign together, to march forward, in the behalf of his comrades, who have done him the honour to appoint him their Spokesman, and to THANK THE NATION FOR GOOD QUARTERS AND GOOD PAY. Fortunately for our fears, *fighting* has been entirely out of the question. We are altogether on garrison duty, and after having gone through the ordinary routine of Discipline, our Leisure, we hope, has been usefully employed in writing short letters to be reposited in The Port Folio. These desultory pieces, combined with slight sketches of Literary Composition, sometimes in bulky, and sometimes in little parcels will, probably, be continued, with whatever fortune, as long as our GREAT COMMANDER graciously requires us to remain in the service, obey the word, and do our duty.

MORTUARY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON the seventh of May departed this life, SAMUEL BRECK, Esq. aged sixty-two.

The uniform urbanity, extensive usefulness, and preeminent goodness of this gentleman's life, gained him the respect and love of all who knew him. In Boston, his native town, he long stood distinguished for the attentions, which he paid to strangers of all nations; receiving them with peculiar courtesy, and devoting his entire leisure to the noble duties of hospitality. In the Revolutionary War, he took a decided part with his country; and soon after the French alliance, his pleasing manners and stern integrity occasioned his being appointed general agent to the fleets of his most Christian Majesty: this office he held, with unabated honour; until the peace of 1783, about which period his townsmen elected him a member of the State Legislature; and for seven successive years he sat upon the Boston seat. In 1786,

he was deputed by the General Court of Massachusetts to meet a Commercial Congress that assembled at Annapolis, and which gave birth to the Grand Convention of the year after, when our present happy constitution was formed. About this time he became an active adjunct, and original projector of several institutions that have proved useful, ornamental and profitable; among these were the formation of companies to establish a sail-cloth and glass manufactory, and to erect a bridge over Charles' River, which became the parent of American hydraulic Architecture. The sea-air disagreeing with his health, Mr. Breck removed with his family to Philadelphia, in the year 1792, where, till the moment of his death, he continued the practice of those virtues which had endeared him to all his Eastern countrymen.

With a mind truly philosophic, a temper calmed by reflection, he exhibited amidst the political divisions of his day, a composed demeanor, and an equanimity of thought, supported by sound and consolatory arguments, which soothing his own bosom, taught the doubting to hope, and the rash to ponder.

He drew comfort from events, however disastrous in appearance, relying with unalterable confidence on the wisdom of Providence. Generous, disinterested, scrupulously exact in the discharge of the minutest obligation, he never suffered any one to call twice for a debt, nor even to wait a moment for his convenience. "A poor man's time," he would say, "is his riches; and if I detain him, I rob him." Actuated by these sentiments of justice, this habitual philanthropy, he kept all around him in harmony. Cheerful, yet dignified; cautious, yet decisive; he laughed away the fears of the timid, and spoke the language of prudence to the confident. Penetrating with discernment, he looked prospectively at every event, and made its probable result the sole rule of his actions.

He foresaw his dissolution, and reasoned upon his approaching death with his usual calmness. Possessed of his mind, nay, of his bodily strength, to the last solemn moment, he arranged his worldly affairs, with the deliberation of an upright agent, about to quit the functions of his office.

Pure and excellent man! so long as moral worth, social happiness, and domestic joy are held in veneration here below, thy memory will be dear to all who knew thee; thy virtues, thy charities, thy good name, will constitute the glory and solace of thy bereft family!

TO THE PUBLIC.

In our struggle with Time, that sturdy and persevering Postilion, we have escaped a *fall;* and in company with our sometime *adversary*, we are now travelling gayly *side by side.* We have paid off our arrears at every baiting place, we have enjoyed much pleasant conversation with our fellow passengers by the way, and, without a jolt or an accident, have finished SIX STAGES OF OUR JOURNEY. But our Tour is by no means terminated:

> The world is all before us, where to choose,
> Our place of rest, and PROVIDENCE our guide.

With tomorrow's sun, we rise with renovated vigour, and set off in quest of new adventures. Of these we shall keep a *regular* JOURNAL, and whether our Diary be pronounced dull or delightful, we shall most respectfully submit to the judgment of its readers. But we cannot resist that grateful impulse, by which we are vehemently incited to testify our joy, in the discovery that the liberal, the candid, and the catholic, of all parties, are unanimous in applauding our plan, whatever they may think of its execution. Indeed, in this last behalf, such is the partiality of the Public, such the zeal of Kindness, and such the fervour of Friendship, that our cheeks are crimsoned with the blush of virgin modesty, when we reflect upon the character of some of the compliments which we have received. This sort of commendation, however unworthy the subject, we will strive with all our might, to prevent generating absurd Vanity on the one hand, or degenerate Sloth on the other, but by Industry, by Perseverance, by Pure means, referring to glorious ends, endeavour at least to escape censure. After the most deliberate and severe scrutiny of our powers, we are unaffectedly diffident of their extent, or value. We are by no means satisfied with what we have done; and, in gazing through the vast vista, expanding and lengthening before us, we discern a thousand beauties and improvements to the exhibition of which we fervently aspire. Most fortunate shall we esteem our lot, if we can even *partially* attain what that daring Adventurer, Imagination, indicates in his rainbow before us; and *sometimes* reveal, in bold and broad light,

> Such Forms as GLITTER IN THE MUSES' RAY.

ion,
er-
our
con-
t or
our

f in
AL,
nost
re-
tes-
the
ate-
uch
the
lush
the
tion,
t, to
rate
eans,
Af-
un-
atis-
ista,
uties
pire.
y at-
rain-